

WINTER
ISSUE
No. 40

CRACK COMICS

10¢
QUALITY
COMICS

Captain Triumph

untangles another
**THRILLING
MURDER
MYSTERY!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Given



POWERFUL TELESCOPE
GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes.

Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.

Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as bill-folds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.



Birthstone RING

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes. A Good Luck Gift.



6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated, GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

WALKY-TALKY

Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-521, Jefferson, Iowa.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-521, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Name
Address
City
State..... Gift
Wanted.....



New ENLARGEMENT

3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches if You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1316, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name Color of Hair
Address Color of Eyes
City..... State.....

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1316, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Captain TRIUMPH



Ready to crack any
mystery wide open!

By touching the strange birth-
mark on his wrist, Lance
Gallant can merge with the
spirit of his dead twin brother,
Michael, to form the
indomitable Captain Triumph!

Unseen, the ghost of Michael Gallant floats through the night

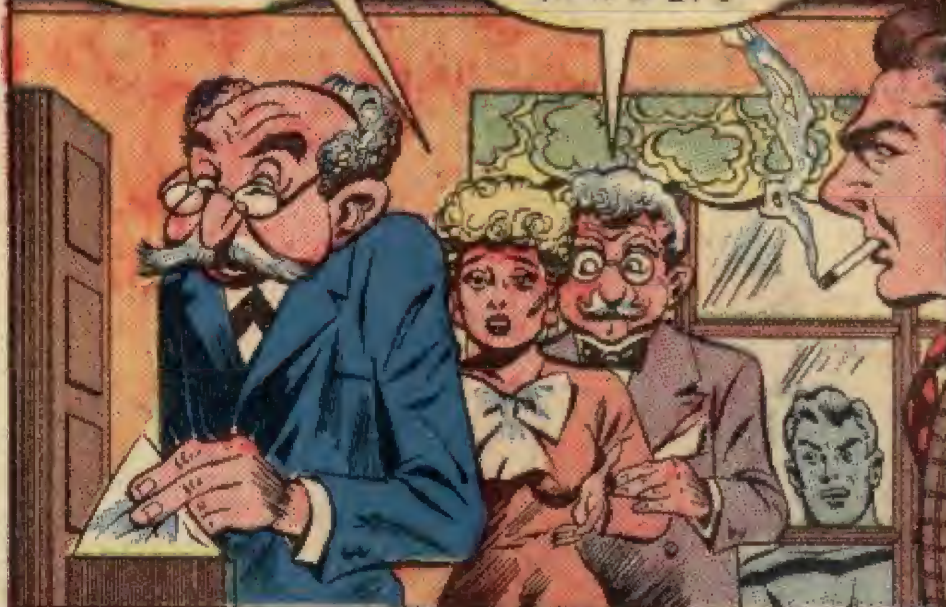
NONE OF MY RELATIVES IS WORTHY OF MY FORTUNE! I'M CHANGING MY WILL -- LEAVING EVERYTHING TO CHARITY!

THAT'S THE HOUSE OF OLD ESAU FLINTER! HE SOUNDS SLIGHTLY ANGRY!



WHY ARE YOU SO BITTER, UNCLE ESAU?

DON'T TRY TO PLEAD WITH HIM, LOLA! I KNOW MY BROTHER -- HIS MIND IS MADE UP!

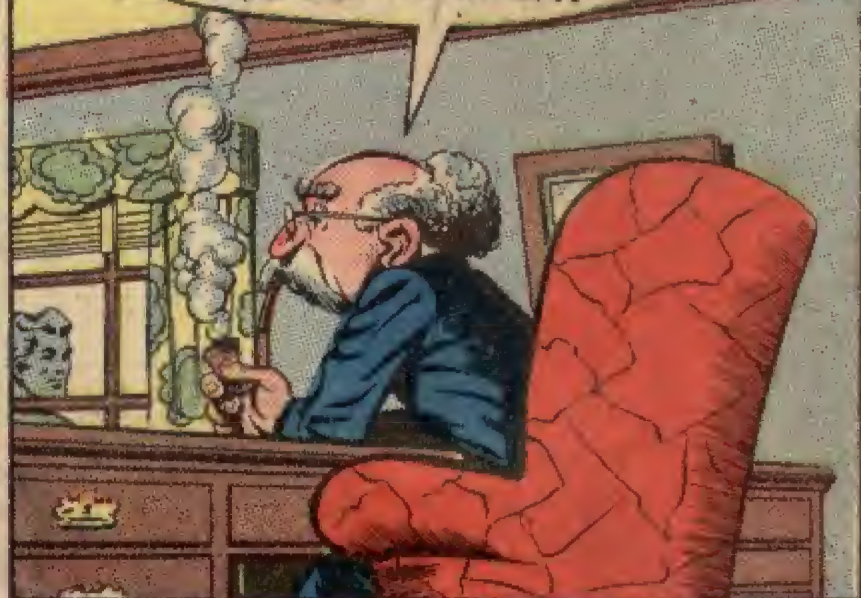


I DON'T CARE IF HE IS MY COUSIN! HE OUGHT TO SUFFER FOR TALKING LIKE THAT!

BE CALM, DERWOOD! MAYBE ALL WILL BE WELL!



NOBODY CAN CHANGE MY MIND! GET OUT, ALL OF YOU! WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES I'LL HAVE MY WILL CHANGED -- CUT YOU ALL OUT FOREVER!



NOTHING LIKE A FAMILY FEUD TO CAUSE VIOLENCE! I'D BETTER GET CAPTAIN TRIUMPH ON THE SCENE!



Across town, where Lance Gallant sits at ease with Kim and Biff...

AH, THERE, MICHAEL!

QUICK, LANCE! CAPTAIN TRIUMPH IS NEEDED!





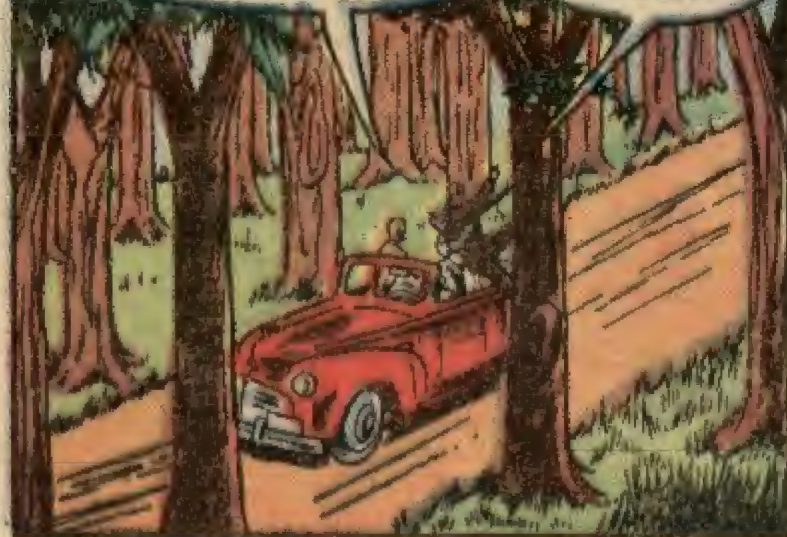




Later, in rural privacy ---

I HAD TO DO IT, DERWOOD!
YOU WERE LOUSING UP
THE CASE WITH THAT
BOGUS CONFESSION!

SO YOU
MADE IT
WORSE BY
KIDNAPPING
ME!



I SAW THROUGH IT! YOU
THINK LOLA'S GUILTY! YOU'RE
TRYING TO PROTECT HER--
SHE TRIES TO PROTECT
YOU!

IF I GET LOOSE,
YOU'LL HAVE TROUBLE
PROTECTING
YOURSELF!



IT WOULDN'T BE A FAIR MATCH,
DERWOOD! BUT IT'LL KEEP YOU
OUT OF MISCHIEF IF YOU FIGHT
BIFF FOR ABOUT TWO HOURS!

WHO,
ME?



HEY, THAT'S NOT
FAIR! I DIDN'T HAVE
MY GUARD UP!

REFEREE THE BOUT
WHILE I'M GONE, KIM!
IT OUGHT TO BE
A HONEY!



Back at Flinters...

I SAY DERWOOD'S
INNOCENT! I
KILLED MY UNCLE ESAU!

ARE YOU THE MAID
HERE? WHAT'S
YOUR NAME?



MY NAME'S PARKER,
SIR, AND IT'S HARD
TO BELIEVE THAT
MISS LOLA --

WHO SAYS SHE'S GUILTY?
SHE AND THAT DERWOOD
ARE TRYING TO TAKE
THE RAP FOR EACH
OTHER!



CRACK COMICS

IF THEY'RE OUT,
THAT LEAVES YOU,
JOAB FLINTER!

WHAT
INTERESTING
DEDUCTIONS!

YOU'RE HIS BROTHER,
AREN'T YOU? PROBABLY
YOU INHERITED THE
LION'S SHARE UNDER
THE OLD WILL ---

SINCE THE NEW
WILL'S BEEN TAKEN,
SUPPOSE WE LOOK AT
THE OLD ONE! CAN
YOU FIND IT FOR
US, JOAB?

THE *BULK* OF THE FORTUNE WAS
DIVIDED EQUALLY AMONG JOAB,
DERWOOD AND LOLA! ANY ONE
OF THOSE SHARES WOULD BE
RICHES!

ANY
SMALL
BEQUESTS
?

JUST TWO LITTLE LEGACIES--
HUNDRED BUCKS APIECE -- TO THE
SERVANTS!

LET ME
LOOK---HMMM!

LOOK OUT!
MR. JOAB'S
ESCAPING!

THAT PROVES
HE'S GUILTY!

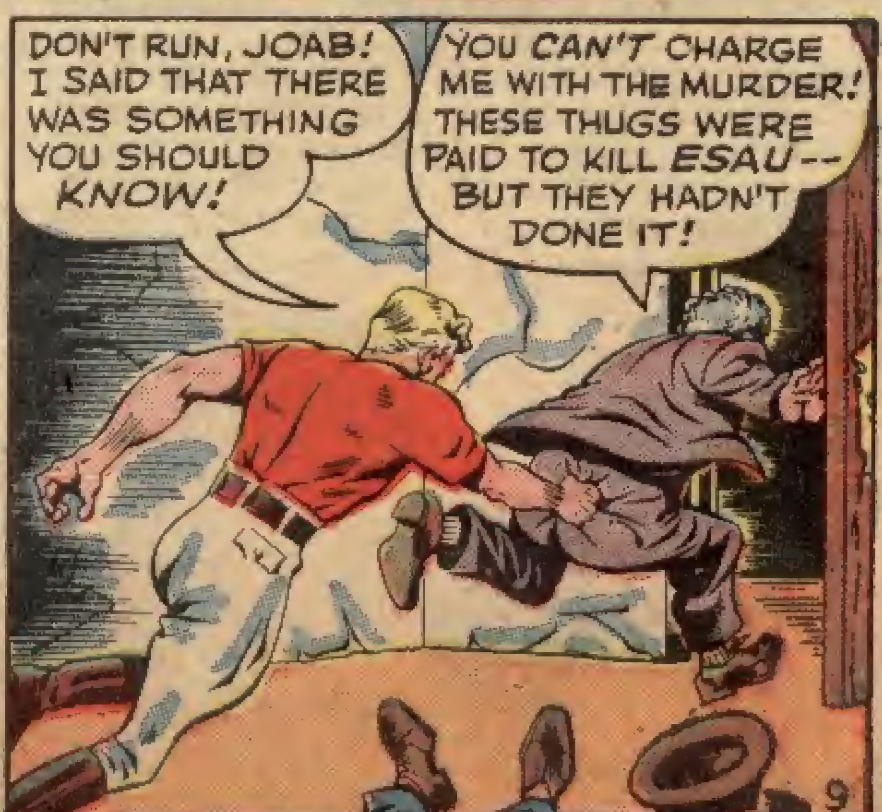
AFTER
HIM!

BUT WHERE
DID HE GO?

HE VANISHED -- AS
THOUGH THE EARTH
HAD OPENED!

YOU'VE CALLED
THE TURN! THE
EARTH DID OPEN
-- HERE!





THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY WHEN YOUR HOODLUMS OPENED FIRE! I KNOW THE KILLER!



In the meantime, in the calm, peaceful country...

I'M WRECKING MY KNUCKLES ON YOUR CAST-IRON MUG!

PLEASE, GENTLEMEN, END IT! THIS IS BECOMING A BORE!



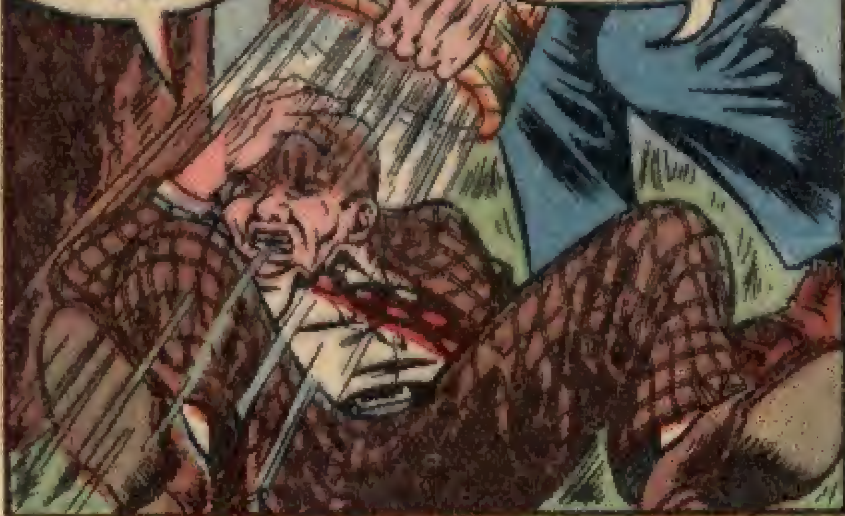
END IT, KIM SAYS! SO THERE'S THE END!

DOOF!



GHA... THEY OUGHT TO WAVE A RED FLAG BEFORE THEY TOUCH OFF A BLAST LIKE THAT!

THANKS FOR THE PLUG, DERWOOD! THAT WAS ME BLASTED YOU! NOW SIT UP AND TELL US WHAT IT'S ABOUT!



I WAS CONVINCED THAT LOLA KILLED HIM! I TRIED TO TAKE THE BLAME!

I'D SAY YOU INSULT LOLA BY NOT TRUSTING HER!



THE WAY YOU DESCRIBE IT-- THAT KNIFE-BLOW COULD HAVE BEEN STRUCK ONLY BY A STRONG MAN-- NOT A WOMAN!

BUT JOAB SHOWED THAT IT WAS LOLA'S KNIFE --THAT SHE WAS FIRST TO RETURN TO THE ROOM---



JOAB WAS MAKING HER LOOK GUILTY! HE MUST BE THE KILLER! WAIT UNTIL I ---

SIT DOWN, DERWOOD, TILL CAPTAIN TRIUMPH GETS BACK!





IF I LET YOU GET AWAY, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH WILL MURDER ME!

AND I'LL MURDER JOAB!



While, at the scene of the crime...

I HAVEN'T QUESTIONED THIS BUTLER! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

JEVONS, SIR!



EVER HAVE TROUBLE WITH YOUR MASTER?

FREQUENTLY, SIR! MR. ESAU WAS QUICK-TEMPERED AND INSULTING!



WHY DID YOU WORK HERE THEN? PLENTY JOBS ELSEWHERE!

I CAN ANSWER THAT, OFFICER!



HE'S ENGAGED TO PARKER HERE! SHE'S A WONDERFUL MAID-- WE ALL LIKE HER!

THAT'S TRUE! NOT EVEN MR. ESAU COULD HELP BUT WISH HER WELL!



VERY PRETTY, I'M SURE! BUT WE KNOW THE KILLER! WHEN CAPTAIN TRIUMPH BRINGS BACK JOAB ---

WRONG! HERE HE IS, BUT HE **DIDN'T** KILL HIS BROTHER!









Stepping aside, CAPTAIN TRIUMPH again rubs the magic mark and Michael's spirit departs, leaving Lance!



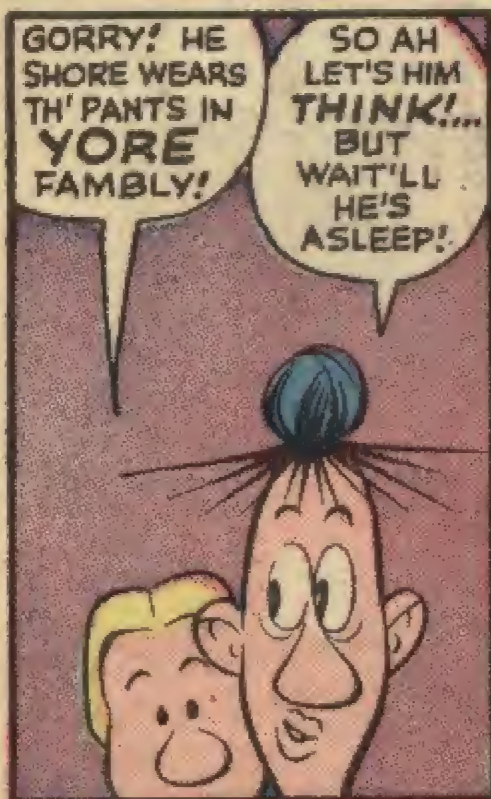
by
RALPH
JOHNS



YES,
MUH
LOVE!



SO AH
LET'S HIM
THINK!...
BUT
WAIT'LL
HE'S
ASLEEP!



ZZZZZZZZZZ

ZZZ--CHOP WOOD!



WAL, I
SWOW!



HE'S DONE WITH
CHOPPIN' ---WE'LL JIST
GO OVER TO TH' WOOD-
PILE AN' WAIT'LL HE
GITS THROUGH
WITH HIS NAP!



**YES,
MUH
LOVE!**

TEE,
HEE!



Pen Miller

By
Klaus

Pen Miller, cartoonist-detective, bases his adventure strips on his real life adventures....



MR. MILLER, KINDLY EXPLAIN THOSE CARTOONS OF YOURS, SHOWING CONVICTS IN THE **STATE PENITENTIARY** LIVING IN LUXURY!

EASILY --- I HAVE THE WORD OF A FORMER INMATE THAT IT'S SO!

SOME OF THOSE CONVICTS GET THE VERY BEST FOODS, HAVE CELLS FITTED UP LIKE DE LUXE SUITES AT A SWANK HOTEL AND ARE WAITED ON HAND AND FOOT!

STATE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE

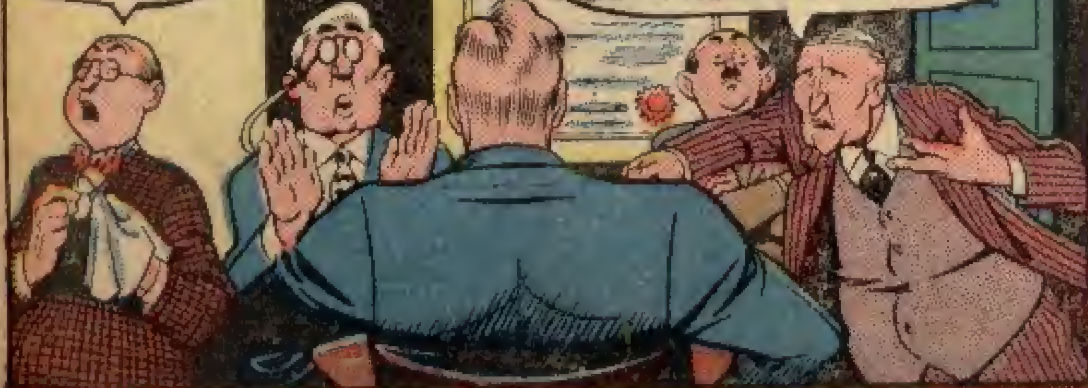


NONSENSE! THE CONVICTS ARE TREATED HUMANELY, BUT THAT'S ALL!

YOU'RE TRYING TO CREATE A SENSATION, MILLER!

I NOTICE YOU'VE DONE NOTHING ABOUT THE RECENT SERIES OF CRIMES IN THIS CITY, BUT YOU'RE MAKING MUCH ADD OVER A STORY YOU GOT FROM A CONVICT!

MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT BOTH PROBLEMS SOON, MR. JAMES! GOODBYE!



BUT I DO NOT COMPLEHEND, MIST' MILLER! WHY YOU DO NOT TAKE HONOLABLE MEMBERS OF LEGISLATURE DOWN TO PLISON AND SHOW THEM CONDITIONS!

BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING TO SHOW! THE PRISON LOOKS PLAIN ENOUGH WHEN ANYBODY'S VISITING!



IT'S JUST THAT SANDY JONES TOLD A STORY I HAPPEN TO BELIEVE! IT SEEMS SANDY WASN'T ONE OF THE SELECT FEW AND SO HE HAD A TOUGH LIFE THERE --

THAT MAKE HIM PLENNY ANGLY... SO HE TELL YOU ABOUT OTHERS, YES?



RIGHT! SANDY HAD NOTHING TO GAIN BY MAKING UP A STORY LIKE THAT -- LET'S SEE THE FOUR O'CLOCK EDITION, CHOP!

ANOTHER ONE! I'D BETTER GO DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND FIND OUT HOW THIS ONE WAS DONE ---



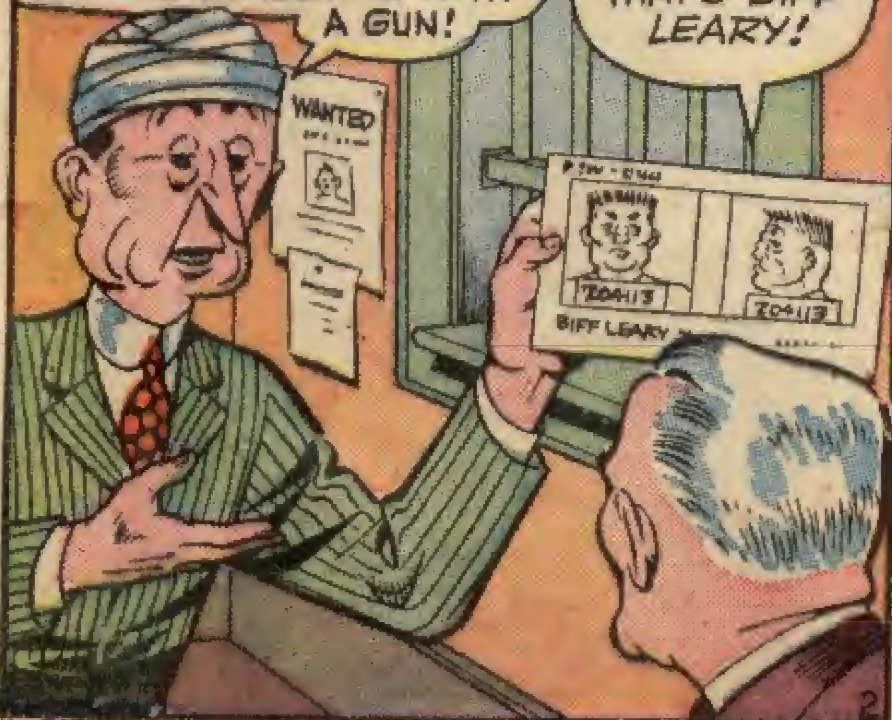
ANYTHING I CAN DO, MURPH?

YEAH, YOU CAN MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS WHILE MR. KARLIN TRIES TO IDENTIFY THE MUG WHO SLUGGED HIM IN HIS OFFICE!



THAT'S THE MAN! THAT'S THE ONE WHO STRUCK ME WITH A GUN!

WHAT? WHY, THAT'S BIFF LEARY!



NOW LOOK, MR. KARLIN! MAYBE YOU DON'T FEEL SO GOOD FROM THAT SOCK ON THE HEAD ... AND THEN AGAIN MAYBE YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO KID ME ... BUT THAT GUY HAPPENS TO BE IN THE CLINK AT THIS VERY MINUTE!



STICK TO YOUR STORY IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. KARLIN! DON'T LET THIS FLATFOOT INTIMIDATE YOU!

MILLER, YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS...OR...

-OR YOU MIGHT USE YOUR HEAD, MURPH... AND TAKE ME DOWN TO MR. KARLIN'S OFFICE! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THINGS---

OF ALL THE NERVY, PUNK AMATEUR DETECTIVES! I DON'T KNOW WHY I LISTEN TO YOU!

DIDN'T HAPPEN TO NOTICE THIS WHITE POWDER ON THE RUG, DID YOU, MURPH?

NO...BUT WHAT OF IT? PROBABLY SOME DAME SPILLED IT WHILE SHE WAS POWDERING HER NOSE---

BUT NO LADY'S BEEN IN MY OFFICE SINCE SOMETIME YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AND THIS RUG WAS CLEANED LAST NIGHT!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, MURPH?

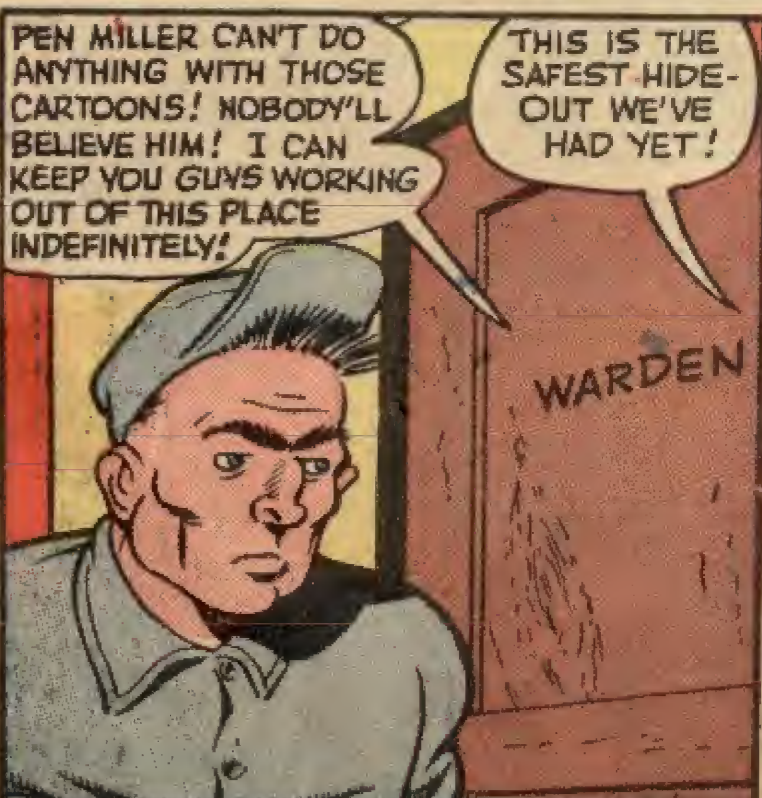
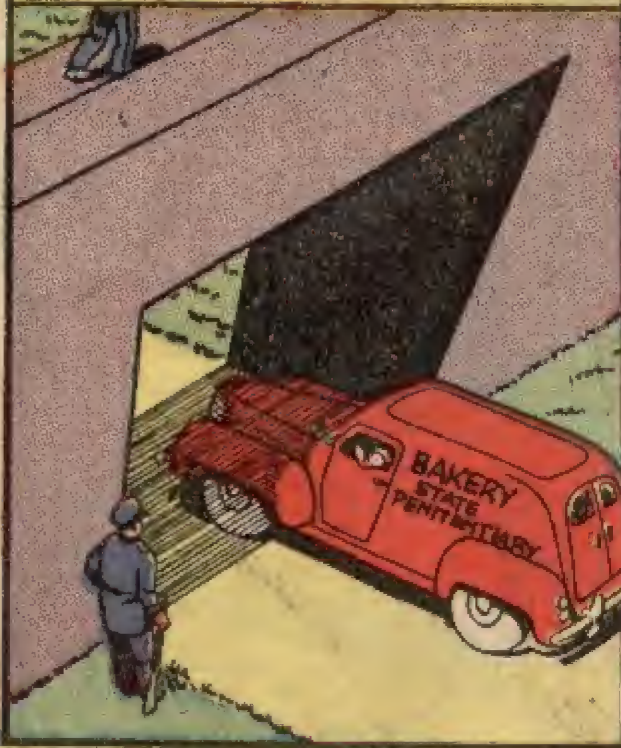
NO! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

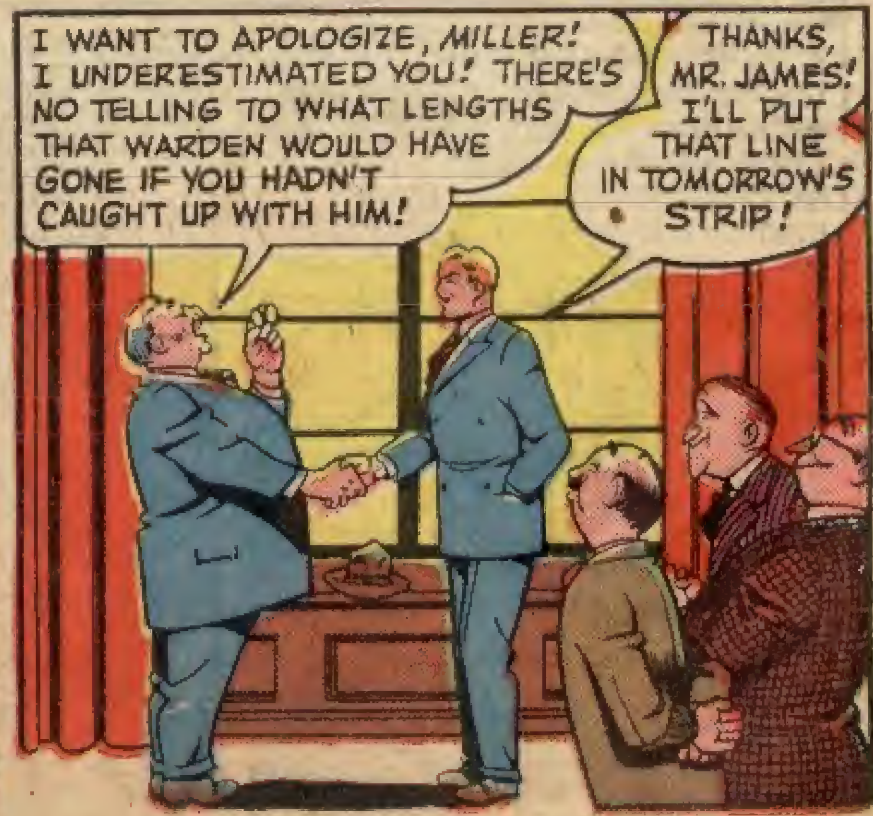
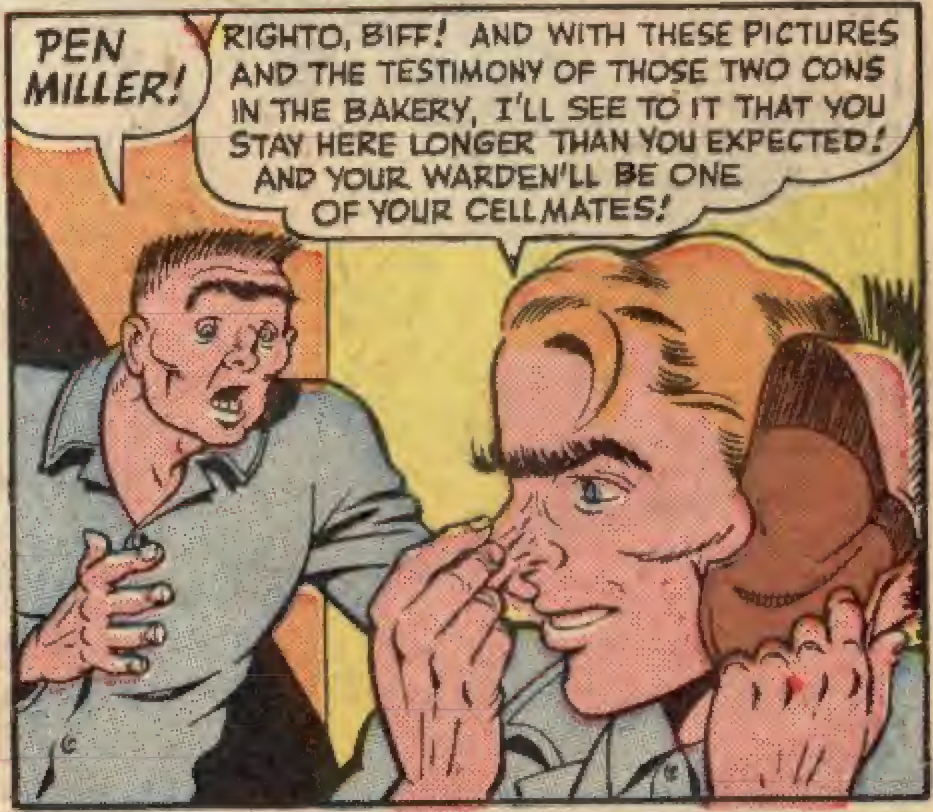
MAYBE I'D BETTER EXPLAIN LATER! LET ME GET SOME OF THIS POWDER TO A CHEMIST!

IT'S JUST ORDINARY FLOUR--!

FLOUR! WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

Next day at the State Penitentiary





HACK O'HARA

by
VERNON
HENKEL



The crime scheme was complete -- all except getting rid of Hack O'Hara... who isn't known as New York's toughest cabby for nothing!



YOU CABBIERS GET THE BREAKS, HACK! --ALL THE TIME EXCITEMENT AND NEW FACES! I JUST STICK HERE!

BALONEY, SAM! CAB-DRIVING IS DULL!... NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENS!



NOW YOU TAKE TONIGHT, F'RINSTANCE -- I BET ABSOLUTELY **NOTHING** HAPPENS! I CAN FEEL IN MY BONES, IT'S GONNA BE A **DULL NIGHT!**



But in a back room - not far away...

EVERYTHING'S SET, JAKE! WE KNOCK OFF THE JEWELRY STORE AT NINE BELLS--AND MAC'LL PICK US UP AT THE CORNER IN HIS TAXI!

SURE, PETE! WE CAN'T LOSE! NOBODY'LL SUSPECT MAC'S CAB IS A PHONY --EVEN TO THE LICENSE!



HERE'S MAC, NOW! WHAT'S BITIN' YOU?

I JUST FOUND OUT, PETE -- THAT CORNER WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO PICK YOU UP -- THAT'S HACK O'HARA'S REGULAR CAB STAND!



YEEAAA? SO WHAT?

BUT O'HARA'S THE TOUGHEST CABBY IN TOWN! HE'LL MURDER ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO PARK IN HIS STAND OR GRAB FARES ON THAT CORNER!



WE'LL GET RID OF HIM! WHAT'S HIS NUMBER, MAC?

HE'S 819-B, PETE!



HELLO, POLICE? I WANNA REPORT CAB NUMBER 819-B FOR RECKLESS DRIVING! I'LL BE IN LATER AND SIGN A COMPLAINT! PICK HIM UP!

WELL, FER THE LUVVA...



SEE HOW EASY IT IS? THE COPS'LL HOLD O'HARA A COUPLE OF HOURS -- LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO ROB THE JEWELRY AND GET AWAY!

BOSS, YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING!



A few minutes later...

WHAT GOES, HACK? WE GOT A COMPLAINT AGAINST YOU FOR RECKLESS DRIVING, AND WE'RE TO PICK YOU UP!

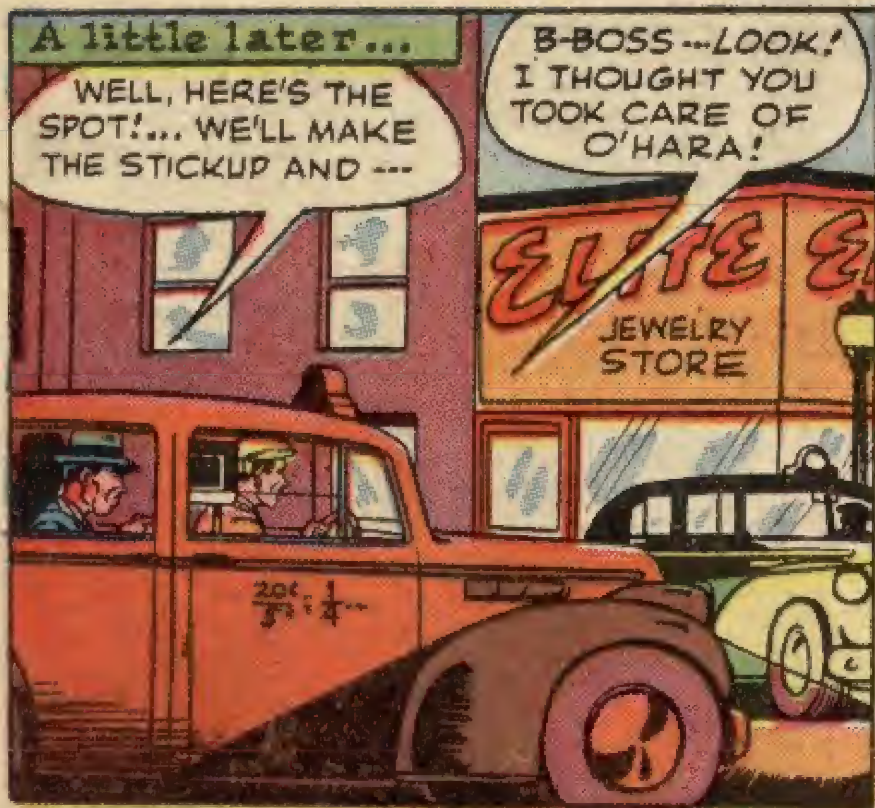
MUST BE A GAG, CASEY! I JUST CAME FROM THE GARAGE! ... I HAVEN'T EVEN DRIVEN ANYWHERE TONIGHT! MUST BE SOMEBODY ELSE!



MUST BE, HACK! ... I KNOW YOU DRIVE OKAY! I'LL REPORT IT AS A BUM TIP!

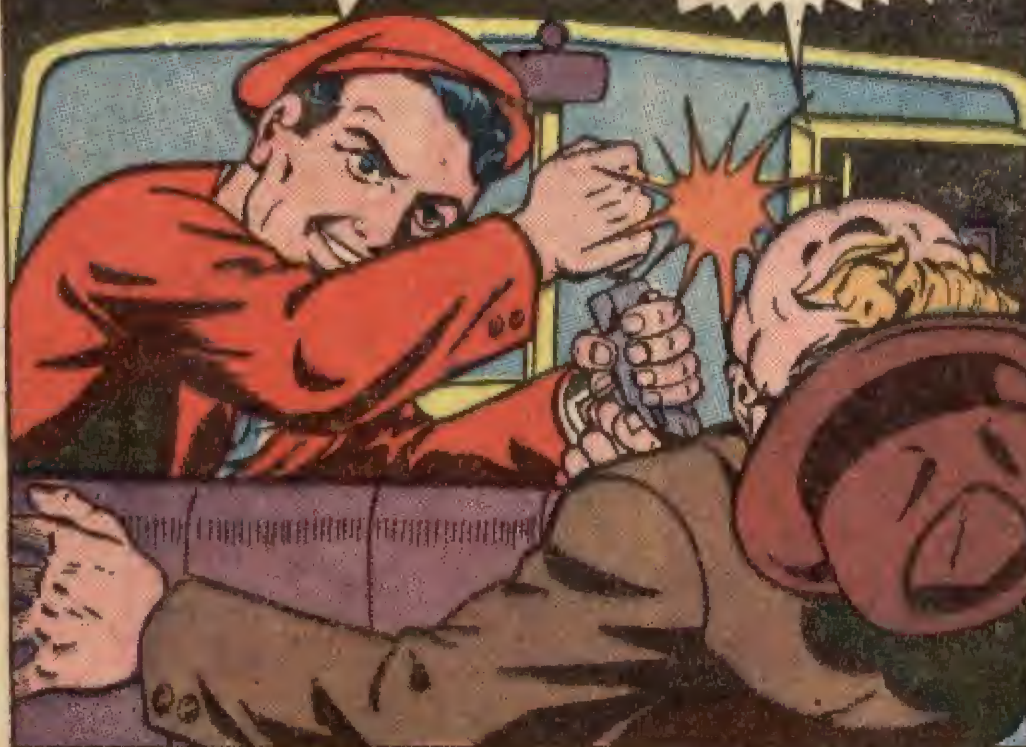
THANKS, CASEY! I'LL BE AT MY REGULAR STAND-- EIGHTH AND GRAND, IF YOU WANT ME!

20¢ + 1/4 = 21¢



MAYBE NOT, WISE GUY... BUT **THIS IS!**

HEY...
OOOOOFF!



UP TO WHERE IT COSTS ME MONEY, PAL, I'M A VERY AMIABLE GUY!... AFTER THAT I GET **TOUGH!**

OWOOOO!
CUT IT OUT!
OUCH!

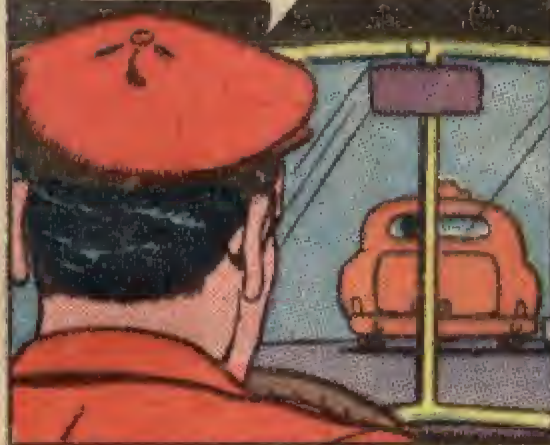


JUST FOR THAT GAG, YOU CAN **WALK HOME!**



A quick trip back to town and...

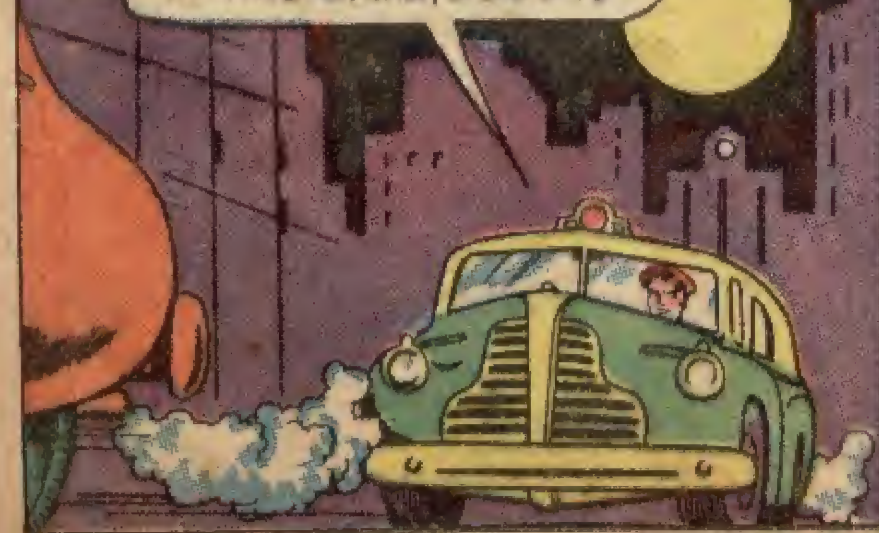
OH-OH! ANOTHER CAB HOLDING DOWN MY CORNER! SO THAT'S WHY THE GORILLA WAS HIRED TO KEEP ME AWAY! WELL, NOW WE'LL SEE SOME REAL FIREWORKS...



HEY!... I DIDN'T MEAN **THAT** KIND OF FIREWORKS!



SO THAT'S IT! -- A STICKUP! AND I WAS IN THE WAY OF THEIR GET-AWAY CAB! AND THAT LOOKED LIKE PETE NEFF TO ME! WELL, I GOT A \$2.85 STAKE IN THIS GAME, BUDDY!



NOT NO MORE HE AIN'T FOLLOWING! KEEP GOIN', MAC!

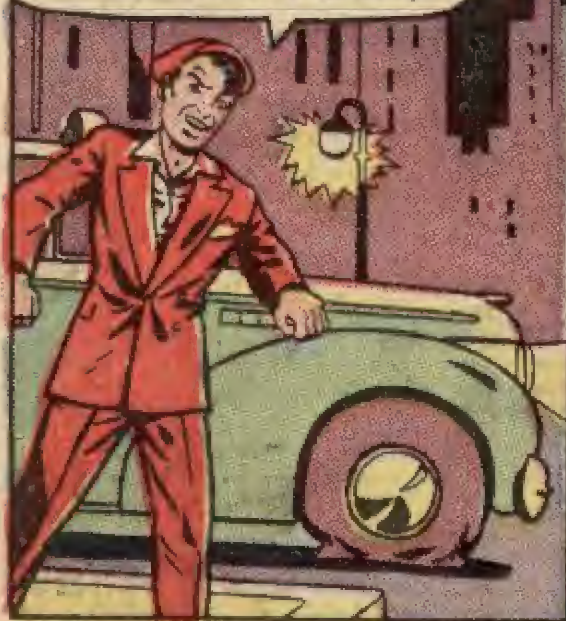
B-BOSS-- THERE'S A HACK FOLLOWING-- AND IT LOOKS LIKE O'HARA!

OWOOOO!
A GOOD TIRE--



CRACK COMICS

NOW IT'S \$2.85 AND A NEW TIRE! THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GONNA FIND THAT LOUSE, NEFF, AND WRING IT OUTA HIS DIRTY SKIN!



I'M A MILD MAN --BUT AFTER SO MUCH SHOVIN' AROUND, I GET SORE! ... AND BROTHER, AM I SORE NOW!



O'HARA, DID YOU SEE A PHONY CAB HEADING THIS WAY? THEY HELD UP THE ELITE JEWELRY STORE AND SHOT A CLERK!



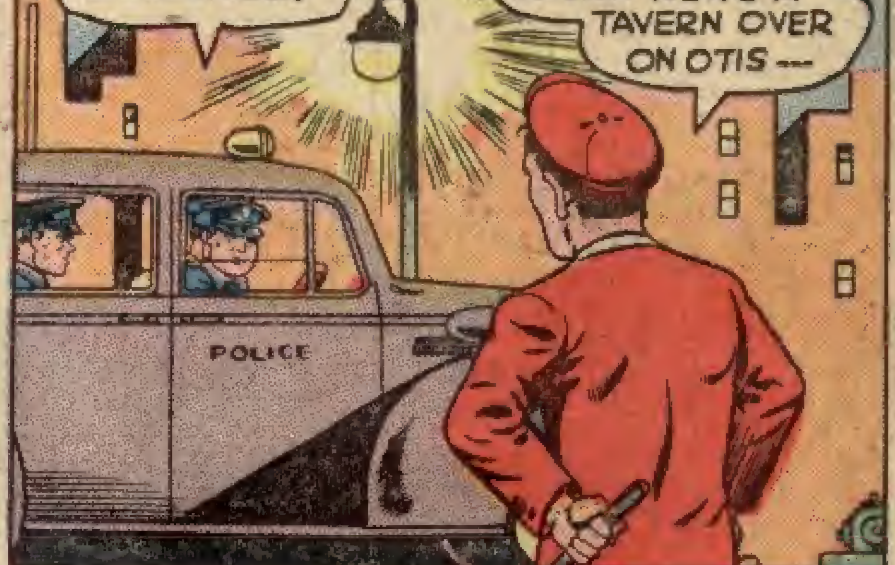
YOU BET I DID, CASSIDY! IT LOOKED LIKE PETE NEFF TO ME...

SURE! IT LOOKS LIKE A PETE NEFF JOB TO US, TOO--BUT NOBODY CAN IDENTIFY HIM! HE ALWAYS WIGGLES OUT ON EVERY CHARGE!



YEAHA? WELL, I KNOW ONE HE AIN'T GONNA WIGGLE OUT OF!

WE'LL THROW OUT A DRAGNET, HACK!...IF YOU SEE ANYBODY, LET US KNOW! WE CAN'T GO AFTER PETE WITHOUT EVIDENCE!



HAH! AM I GLAD I AIN'T A COP!... I GOT ALL THE EVIDENCE I NEED! PETE'S BROTHER-IN-LAW RUNS A TAVERN OVER ON OTIS --

O'HARA! WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' SO TOUGH ABOUT? WHAT'VE I EVER DONE TO YOU, HAH??

NOTHING, AL--BUT YOU'RE GONNA DO SOMETHING FOR ME... RIGHT NOW!



YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME WHERE PETE IS--RIGHT NOW--OR I'LL BEAT YOUR LOUSY SKULL INTO HAMBURGER! START TALKING!

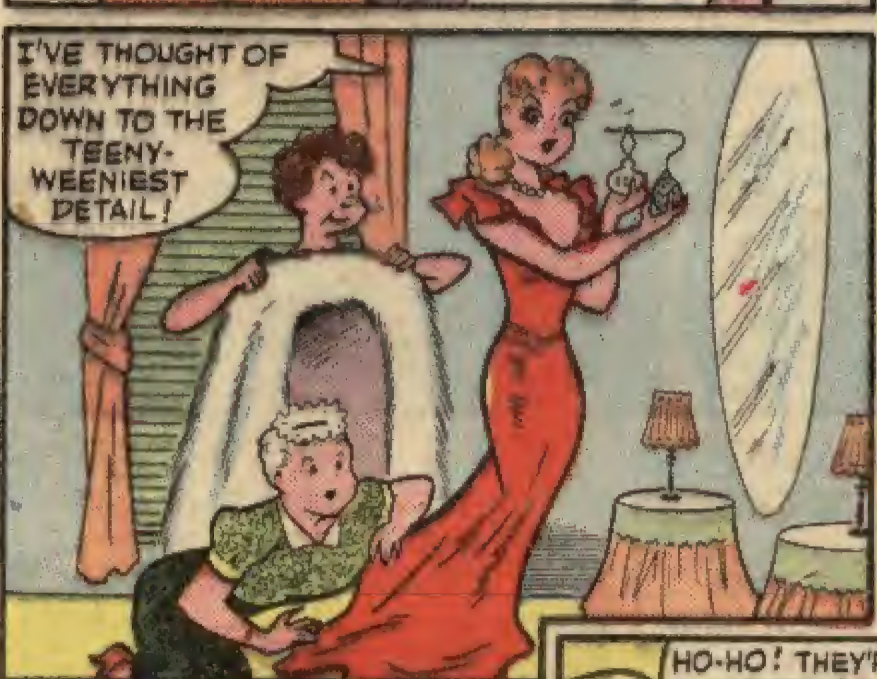
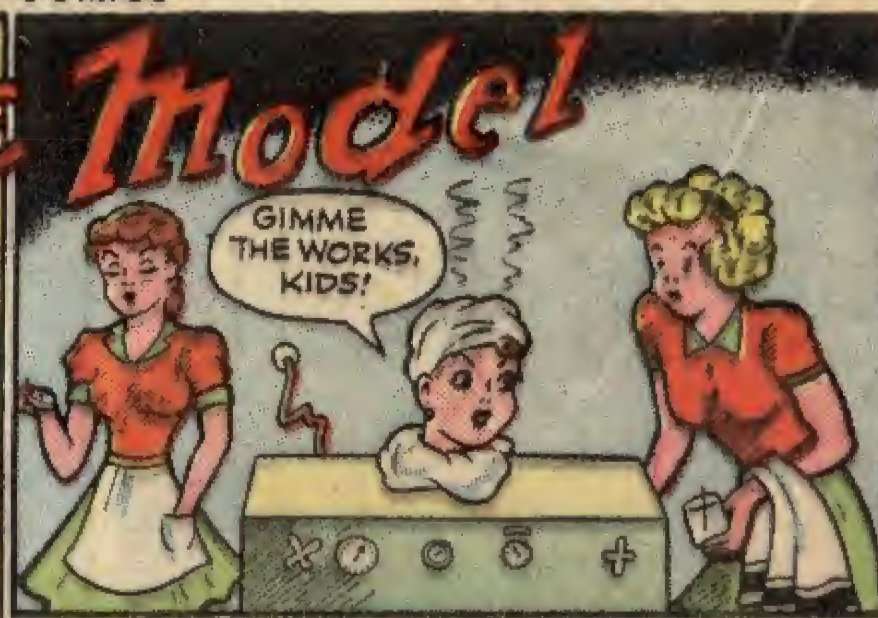
VIIIIII!... YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, O'HARA! I--ULP--OKAY! HE'S UPSTAIRS --BUT HE'LL K-KILL ME FOR TELLING--



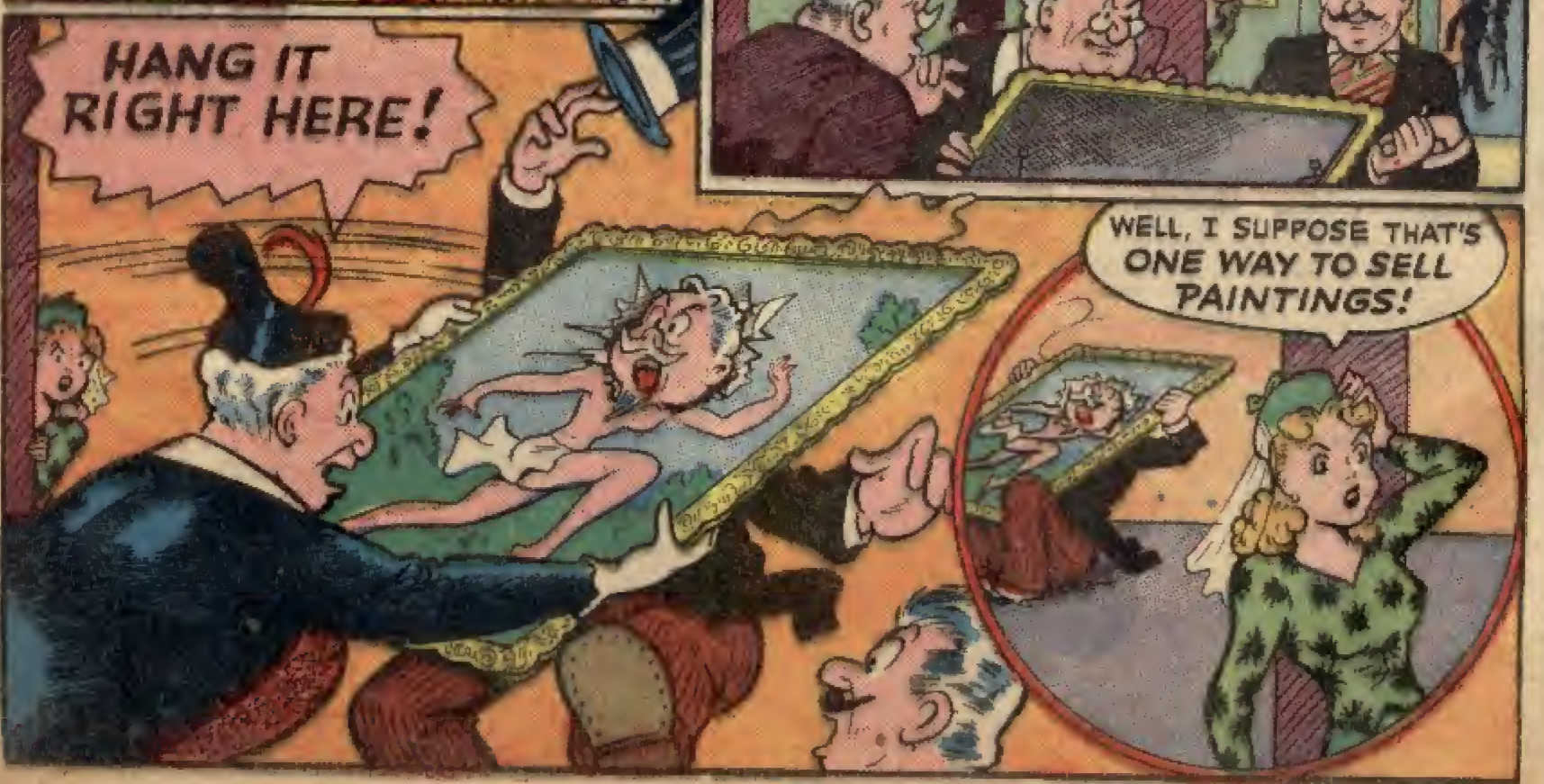
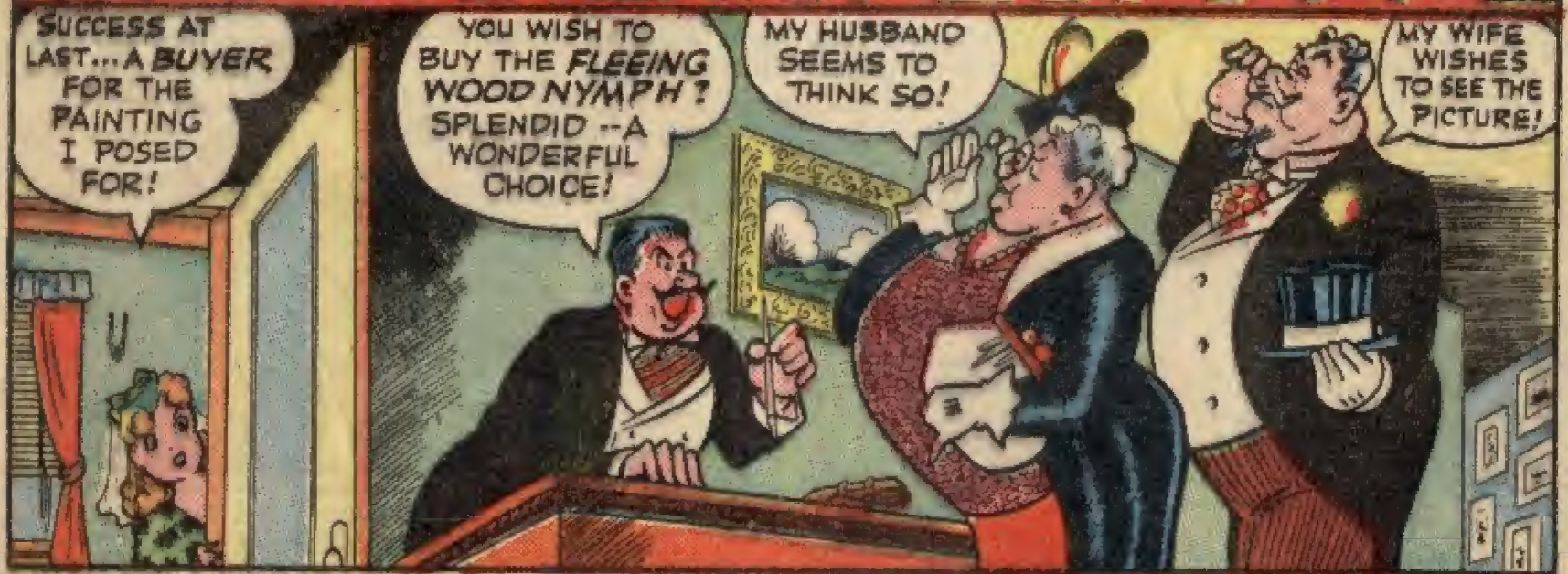


Molly the Model

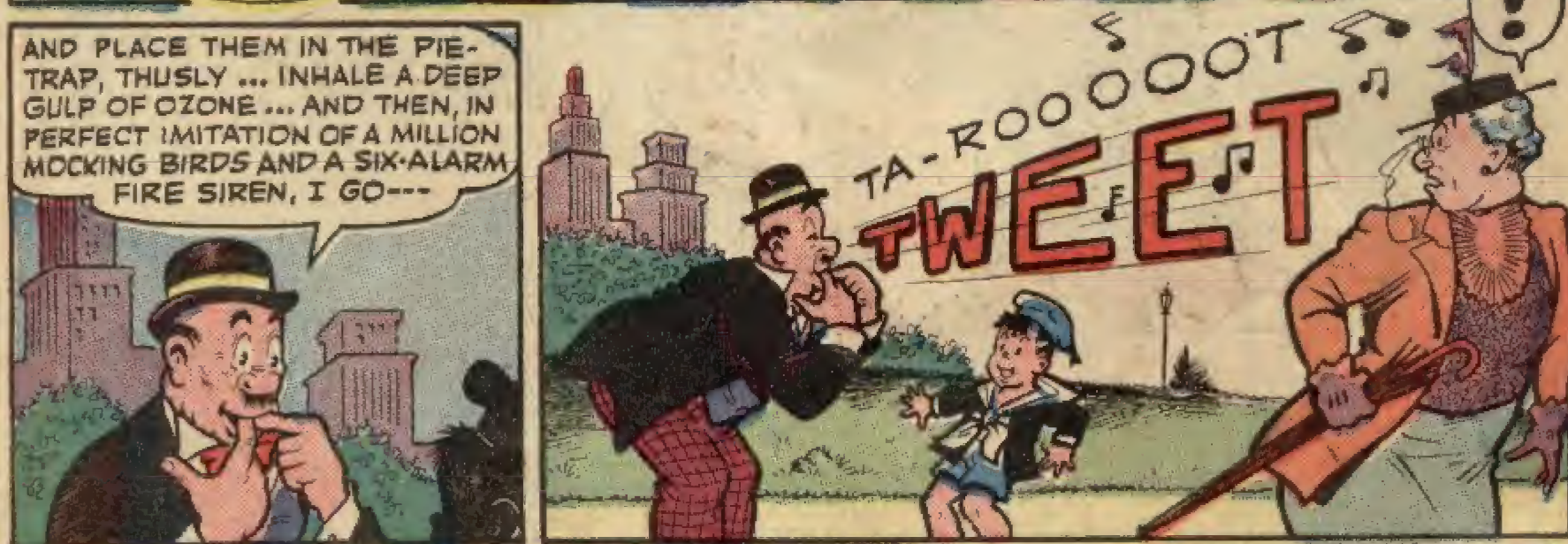
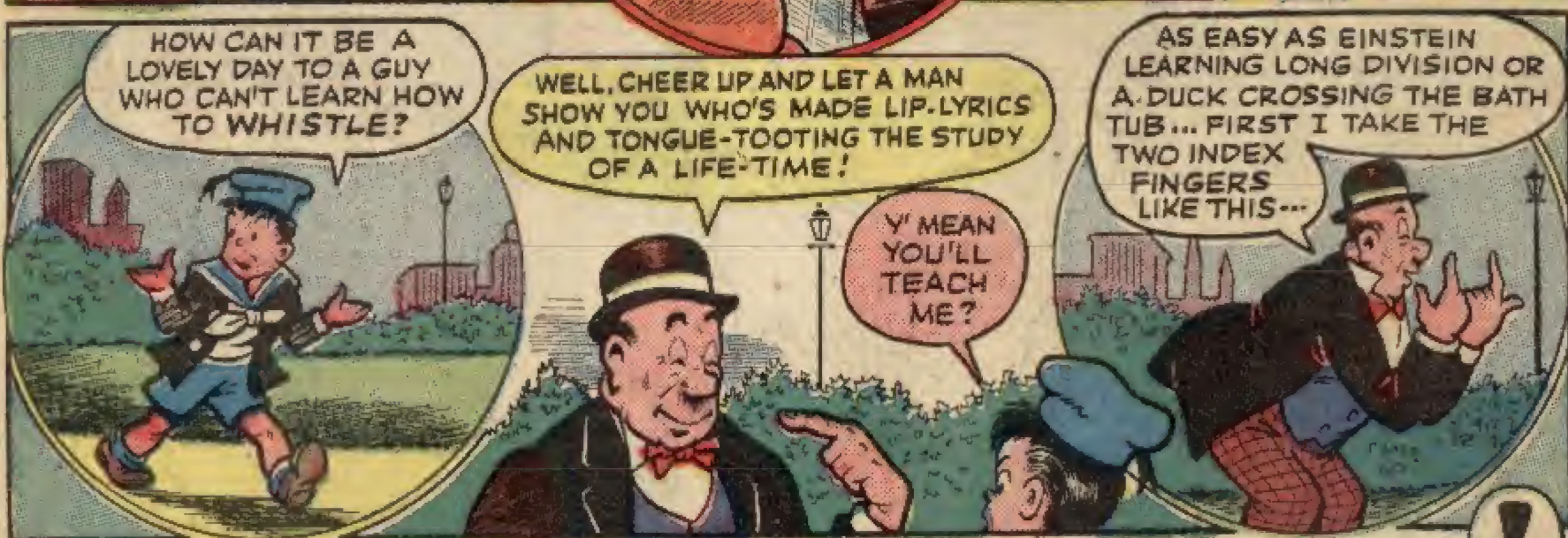
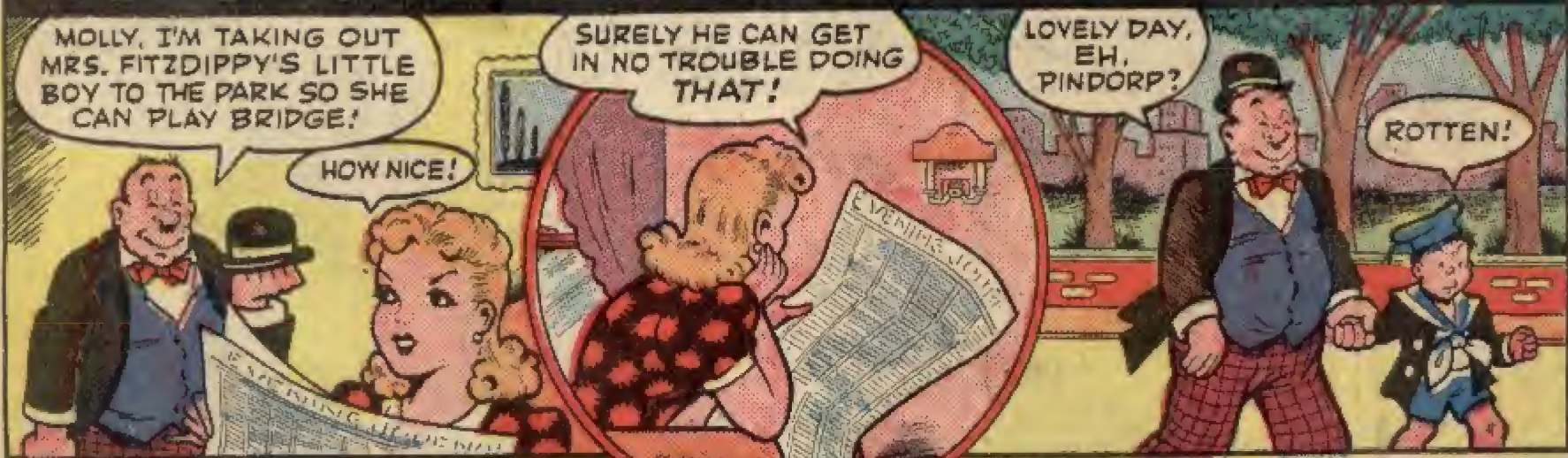
WHAT A BREAK TO GO TO THIS AFFAIR... IT'S THE SNOOTTEST SOCIAL FUNCTION OF THE WHOLE YEAR!



MOLLY THE MODEL

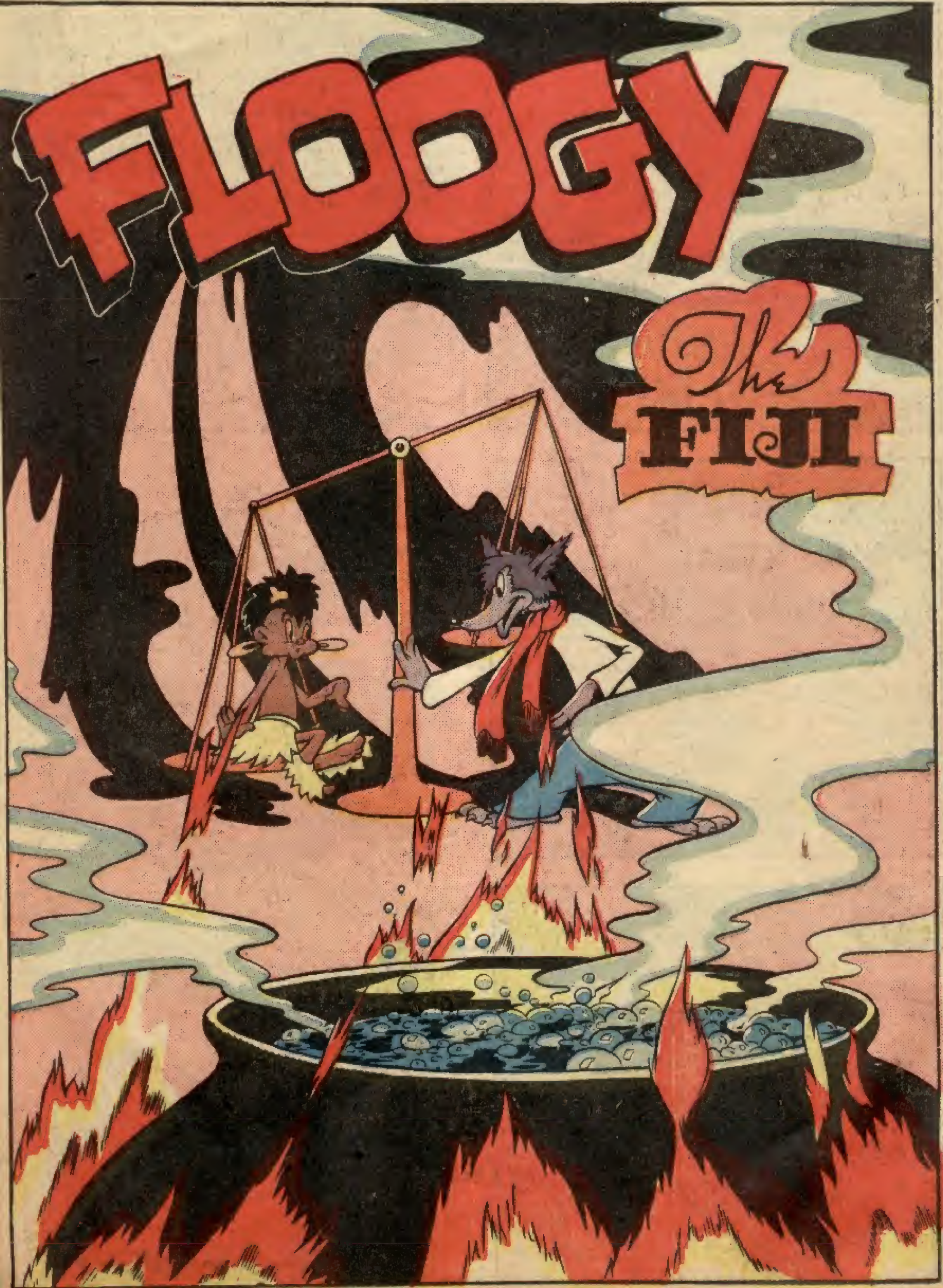


MOLLY THE MODEL



FLOOGY

The FIJI





On a lane by
the house--

MY HUNGER PAINS
ARE KILLING
ME!



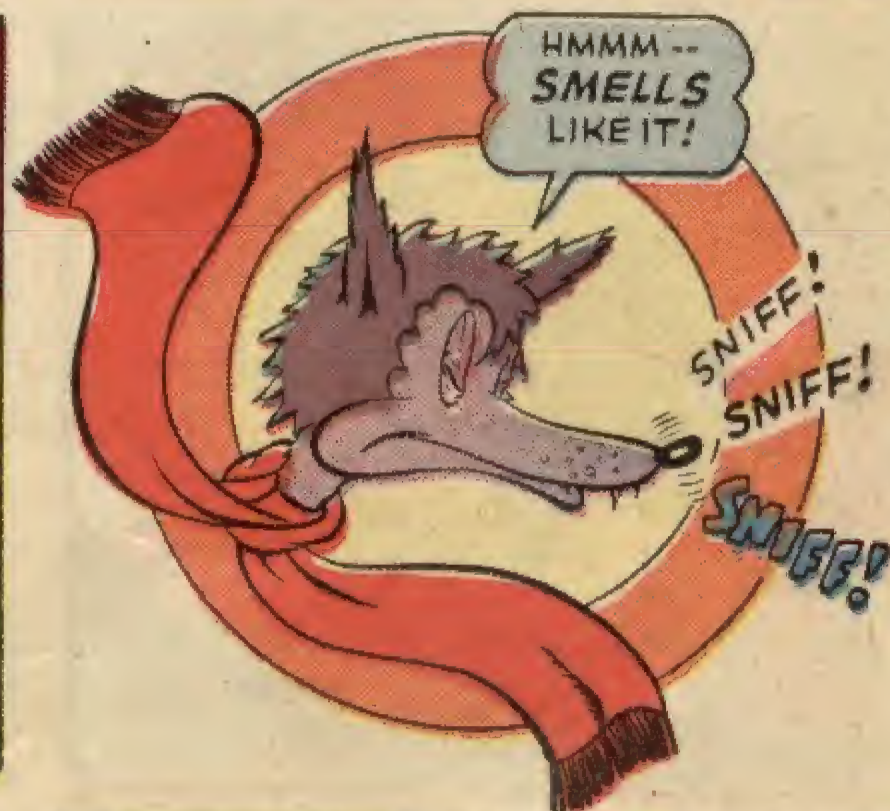
FOOD-- GOTTA
GET SOME
GRUB!



AHHHH!--
SOUNDS LIKE
IT!



HMMM --
SMELLS
LIKE IT!



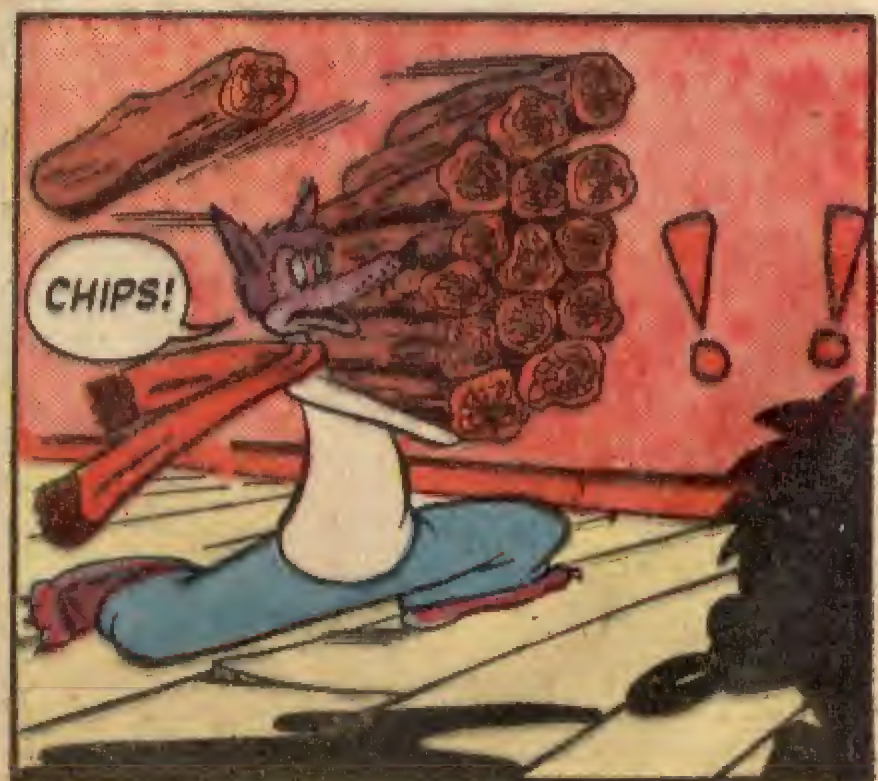
IT *IS*
IT!

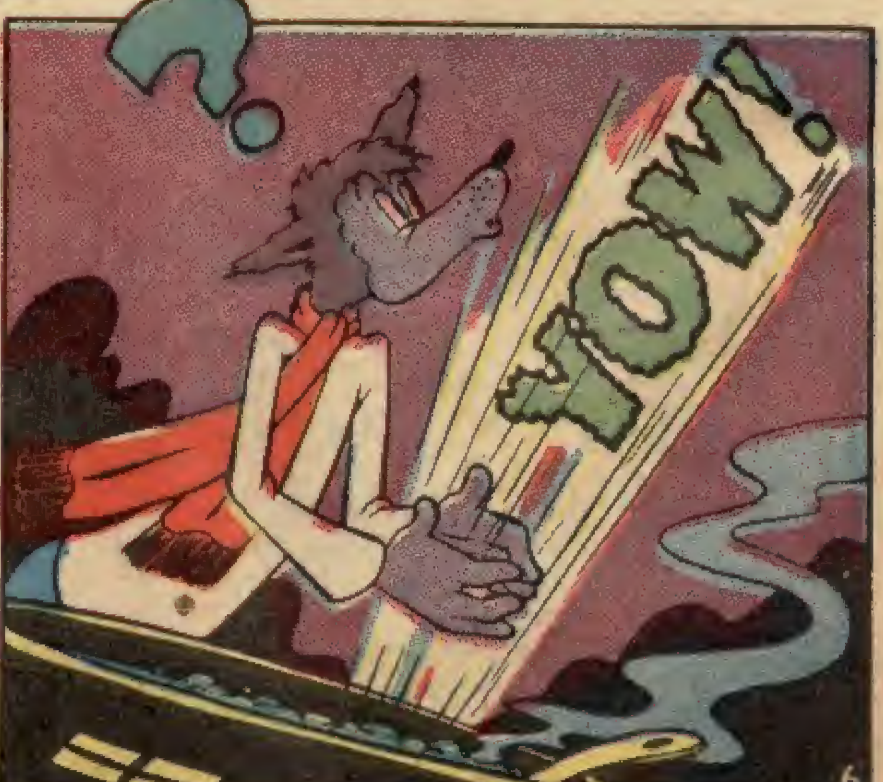


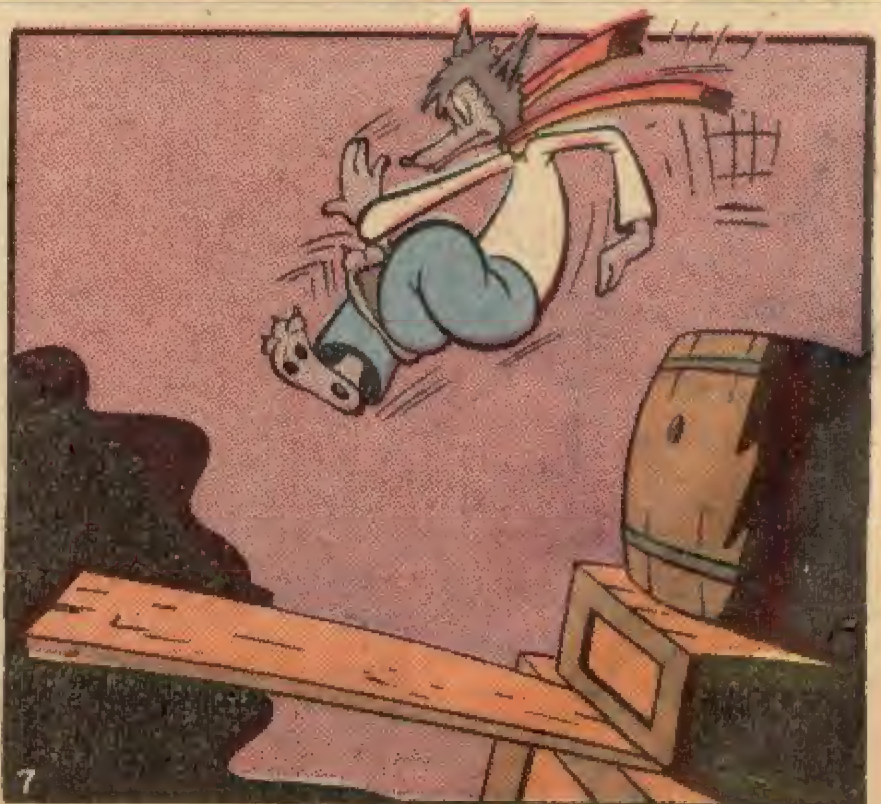
NOW TO CAPTURE
IT! I'LL BE
DIPLOMATIC!

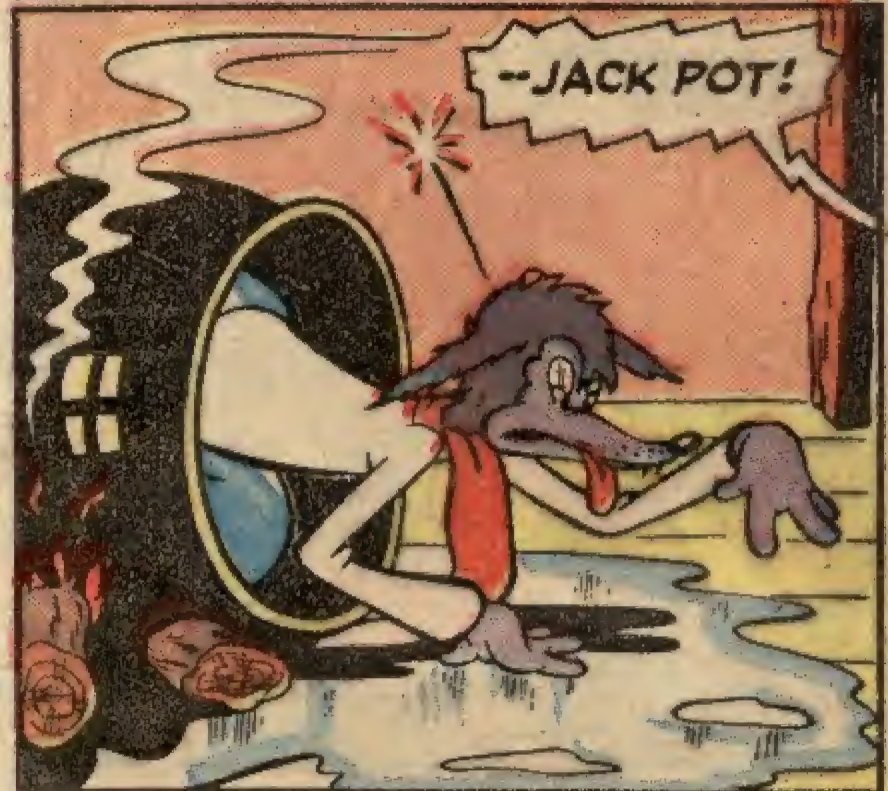
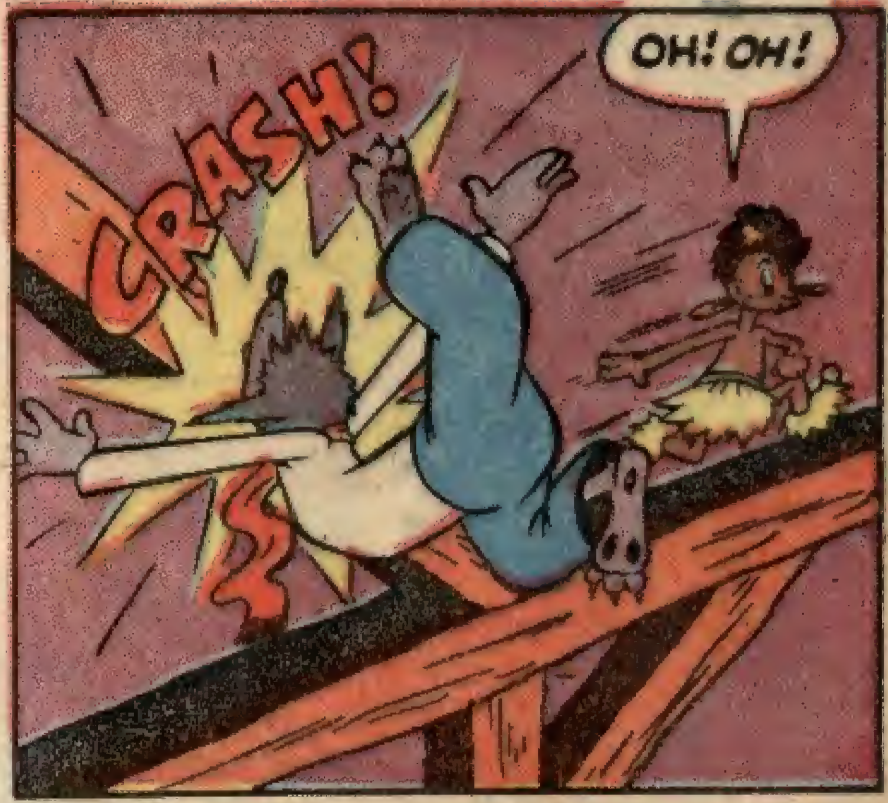
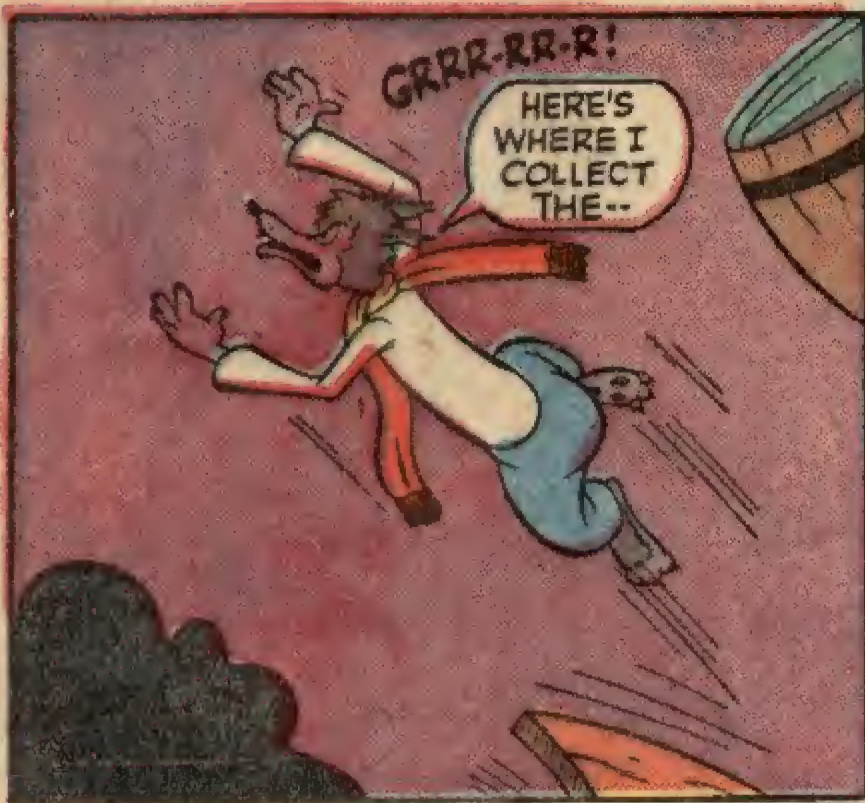


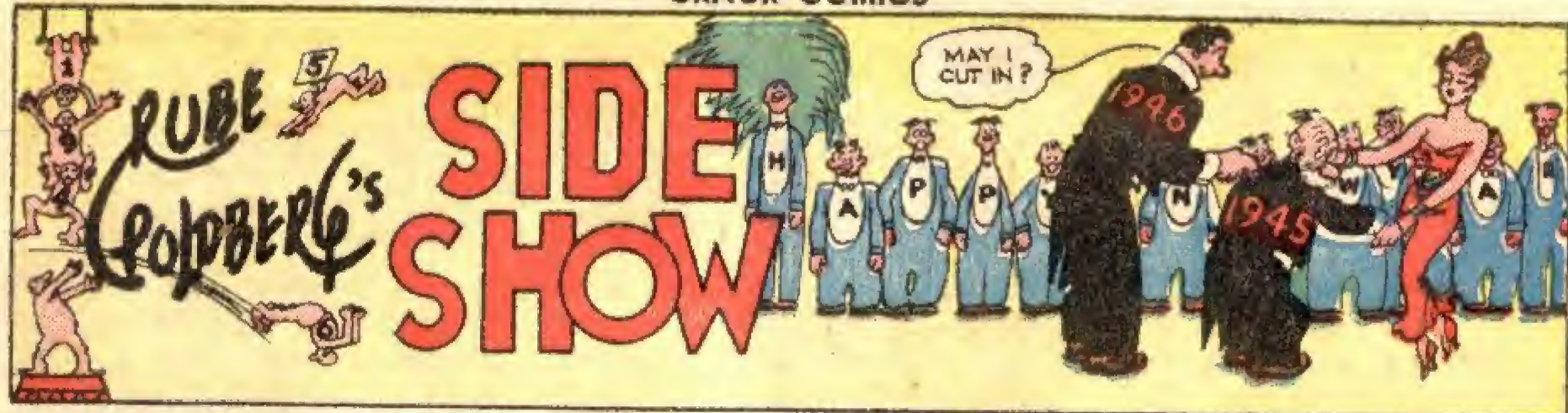






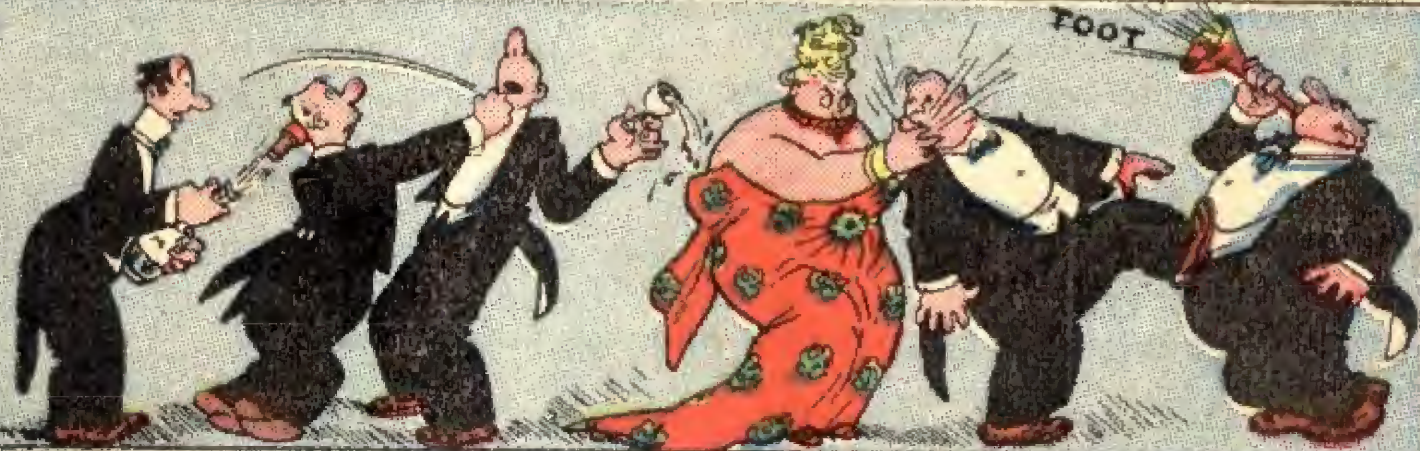




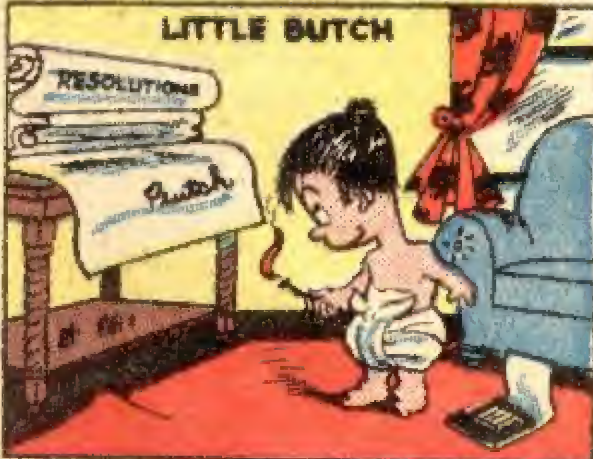


MONTHLY INVENTION
SIMPLE NEW YEAR'S EVE
NOISE-MAKER -

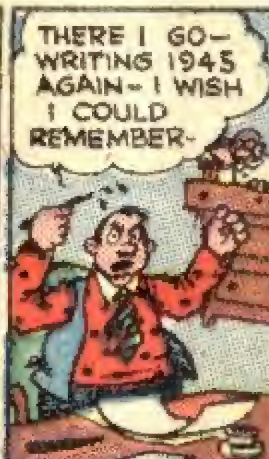
CHAMPAGNE CORK HITS
GUEST IN HEAD - GUEST
PUNCHES MAN NEXT TO HIM
WHO SPILLS DRINK DOWN FAT
LADY'S BACK - FAT LADY
SLAPS HER NEAREST NEIGHBOR
WHO KICKS PERSON NEXT
TO HIM IN MID-SECTION,
CAUSING HIM TO BLOW
OUT THE OLD AND IN
THE NEW!



LITTLE BUTCH



NIBBSY



TWISTED TALES



BIG RED

PROUDLY he stood on the high, wind swept scarp of the ridge and looked down into the verdant valley

Memories of that valley held no lure for him. His early youth had been spent there—as a prisoner. Now he was free, a wild, beautiful thing that went gliding across the hills like some animate copper creature. And the other wild things looked on with envy.

The breeze caught his great mane and blew it streaming back, like a wave of golden flame. He nickered softly as the smell of cool, moist grass was wafted to him. That was one thing he missed: down in the rich valley there had been rich green grass! Up here in the wild jumble of rocks, it was a bit hard to find! But what did he care? He was free!

Big Red swept the ridge with his great keen eyes. His nostrils flared and an angry snort issued from his savage mouth. A mile away a small herd of wild horses had paused on a rock flat. A big black stallion led them. What gave Big Red the start was the fact that a dainty white mare was in that herd.

He lifted his head and shrilled fiercely to the skies. The black stallion jerked, tensing for a battle. Both stallions spotted each other, stood a moment facing each other. Then Big Red moved cautiously toward the other horse.

A red haze partly obscured Big Red's vision. Terrible anger and hate welled within his great heart. That black stallion must die! He had taken the white mare—Big Red's own love!

Red stallion and black approached each other. The herd was alert, sensing a battle. The white mare acted kittenish, ca-

vorting in the open as if to tease both horses.

The distance separating both stallions grew less. Now they faced each other, eyes glaring hate. Big Red whistled shrilly. The black answered in kind. Then they were hurling toward each other at the speed of the wind. The herd watched expectantly.

Big Red skidded to a stop an instant before the black did, and lifted his front feet high in the air, sharp hooves cleaving like two axes. The black did likewise. Four hooves came down in slashing arcs. The black was a bit too short, his drive swept only the air. But Big Red connected, his hooves bringing two gory grooves across the black's withers. A scream of rage whistled from the black stallion's wide open jaws. He whirled and ripped with his teeth, this time tearing a bit of skin from the red's shoulder.

The two fighters leaped and whirled, their movements almost too quick to follow. Then the red got in a particularly good strike—the black went down, but he was quickly on his feet again, slashing, screaming.

Eric Vale, watching on a high ridge, lowered his glasses and turned to the other three men. "We ought to stop it. It's a magnificent fight, but those two horses will slash each to death. Come on!"

The four men arose and hurried down the cliff. The herd spotted them instantly and screamed warnings. The two fighters whirled, facing the rise. Battle was forgotten in the joint issue facing them. Here was cause for fright: men! They all went streaking across the hard rocks in a blur of speed.

"For Pete's sake," gasped

Hap Oliver, horse wrangler. "I've seen a lot of wild ones in my day, but never a white mare like that one!"

Eric Vale chuckled. "What the one you want? Well, I'll go for that big red stallion. He's magnificent."

"Nothing wrong with the black," put in Louie Briggs, a crooked-legged little chap who had spent half a lifetime hunting wild horses in Arizona. "If I ever get a rope on that one, I'll be satisfied."

"You mean," said Eric, "that you've tried to get those fellows before?"

Hap Oliver laughed outright. "Man, we've been after them two stallions for a year. The red is an Arab. Pop Stubbs owned him once, when he was just a wee mite. The little rascal ran away. Been wild ever since. Hates the human race!"

Eric looked at the horsemen. He laughed. It was like hunting gold, this chasing wild horses. All he wanted was pictures of the beautiful animals—colored movies of them in their everyday life. He had got a few feet of the battle, but the distance had been a little far.

"Let's see if we can find 'em again," he said. The four men started down the mountain face, making as little noise as possible. They reached their tethered horses and climbed aboard.

For an hour they hunted for the wild horses, and at last Oliver held up a hand and pointed. There, far up a pass, they spotted Big Red and the white mare.

Oliver chuckled. "The old boy has cut out his mare, all right. Must've scared the black."

The two wild horses saw the men at the same time. They whirled and disappeared over

CRACK COMICS

the ridge in a clatter of hooves. The men followed.

At the top, Oliver drew rein. Down below them the racing pair was making for a cut between two ridges. Oliver spurred his mount and leaped off. The others followed. The wild pair dashed through the cut, and a minute later the men did likewise.

Big Red's whistle of rage came back to them. The giant bronze horse was running like a streak, just behind his white mare, seemingly urging her along, but not getting ahead of her.

They raced for a mile, all the time Big Red acting as a guard and encouraging his beloved along the rough trail.

Suddenly the trail came out on a broad flat mesa, where the wind whooped and whistled like a banshee. Oliver pulled his horse up with a sliding crash and motioned with one hand.

"We've got him, fellows! I thought he'd turn off, but the old boy was going too fast. He can't get across the stone arch. Come on!"

The wild horses were a half mile away. And now Eric could see the narrow, spindly arch of stone that spanned a gorge. It looked narrow, but it might have been a hundred feet wide. What would the great red horse do?

They saw Big Red circling his mare, nickering, coaxing. He ran toward the stone bridge, whirled and came back to the mare. He reared on his hind feet and shrilled fiercely.

The mare pranced a few feet toward the bridge and then halted. Big Red evidently tried to urge her across the arch, but she wouldn't go. The men were drawing closer, not so fast now. They didn't want to frighten the horses into making a crazy leap.

Big Red suddenly galloped out on the arch, tried to stop and whirl around, couldn't make it, and rushed headlong across the arch, whirling on the other

side and screaming at the mare. With a toss of her head she leaped across the arch.

Oliver reined up near the bridge. He rubbed his stubbly jaw. "Well, I'll be darned!" he cried. "I never saw anything like that. What a horse! Come on, we'll have to head 'em off down below. This puts 'em in a tight place, but we've got to beat 'em there."

Fifteen minutes later the four men were approaching the opening of a narrow box canyon. They drew up and listened. Yes, the drumming hooves of the two horses could be heard. The four men rode into the entrance. Big Red and his mare leaped down into the canyon, a jump of nearly fifteen feet and then they saw the riders. Red screamed with rage.

Louis spurred toward them, whirling his lasso. The movement was sudden, disconcerting. The loop fell over the white mare's neck. He jerked at it. The others rode full tilt toward them. Big Red sensed the snare. He roared angrily, pawing the air. His hooves slashed at Louis, who barely escaped. But the big horse would not abandon his mate. He circled, slashing at the rope, as if he knew this was a prisoning thing.

Eric Vale marveled at the sagacity of the horse. His camera was going. Red reared and slashed again at the rope. His sharp hooves did the trick; the rope parted. The two wild horses whirled and, by sheer force of might, galloped through the horsemen. In a moment, all was silent.

Well, I'll be—" gasped Oliver. "Did you ever see anythin' like that? The big chap is a real sport. Wouldn't leave his gal. An' how he cut that rope! That's one to tell our grandchildren!"

Eric laughed, and a warm glow suffused him. He had seen something that escaped one of the men: both Louie and Oliver could have stopped the red—but they didn't. It had been a sporting thing, to match the brave act of the horse. He said as much in a whisper to Oliver.

The horse wrangler chuckled. "Wal, mebbe you are right. Eric. Yeah. I cud o' cut him out, but shucks, I never see anythin' so brave as that fed hoss. I plumb let 'im go, I did—after seein' th' fight he put up."

Eric nodded. "I would have, too, Hap," he said quietly. "And Louis let the white mare get away for the same reason. You're both good sports!"

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BEEZY



HANDS UP, JAP SPY, MAD DOCTOR, AND OTHER ASSORTED VILLAINS IN THE REAR!



FROM THIS USED TOOTHPICK I DEDUCE THAT THE KILLER WAS FIVE FEET, EIGHT INCHES TALL, THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS, SIX MONTHS AND FIVE DAYS OLD, HAD DANDRUFF, A MOLE ON THE NOSE, AND HIS NAME IS R. WYNCOOP McFIBBITY OF 66 APHASIA STREET, APARTMENT 2B, RENT TWO MONTHS BEHIND ON MONDAY...



HOW REALLY CLEVER!

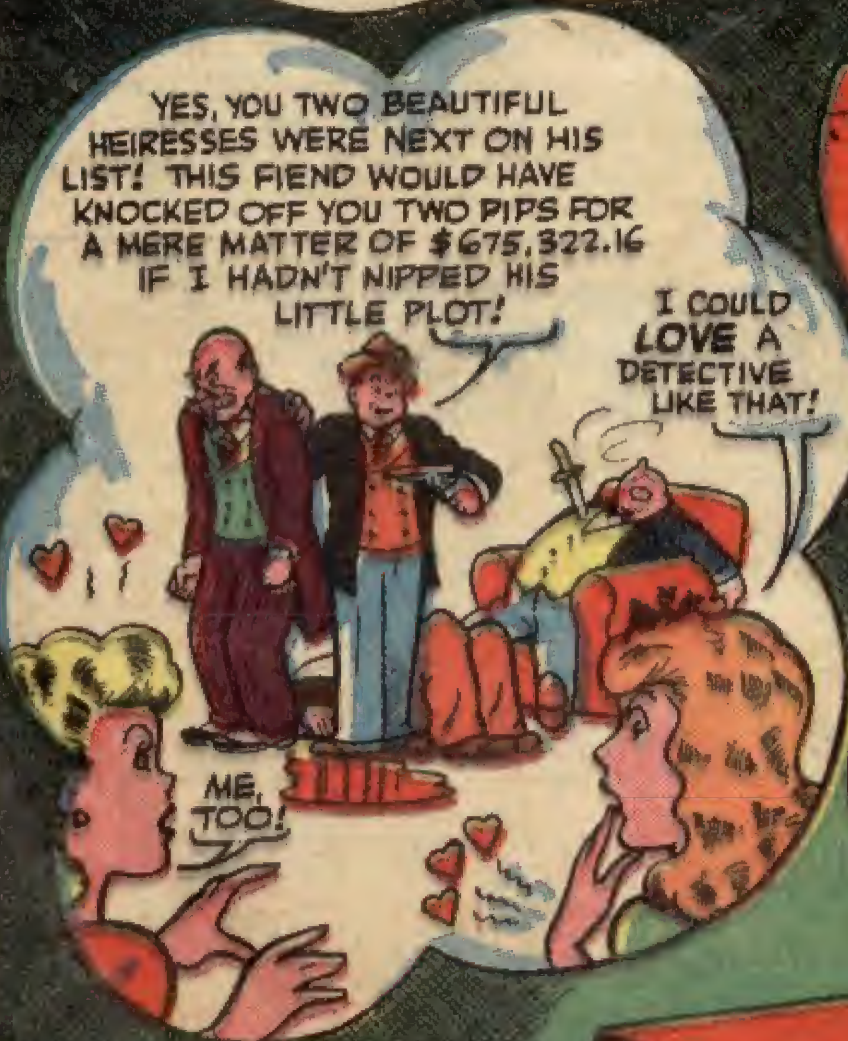
SMASHING THAT SPY RING MADE OUR VICTORY POSSIBLE, MR. BUMBLE!

THE F.B.I. WAS BAFFLED!

ALWUZ GLAD TO GIVE MR. HOOVER A LIFT!



MMMMM!



YES, YOU TWO BEAUTIFUL HEIRESSSES WERE NEXT ON HIS LIST! THIS FIEND WOULD HAVE KNOCKED OFF YOU TWO PIPS FOR A MERE MATTER OF \$675,322.16 IF I HADN'T NIPPED HIS LITTLE PLOT!

I COULD LOVE A DETECTIVE LIKE THAT!

ME, TOO!



I NEVER DREAMED THERE WAS SO MUCH TO THIS DETECTIVE BUSINESS BEFORE UNTIL I COMPLETED THIS WONDERFUL CORRESPONDENCE COURSE!

IT TOOK ME SEVEN WEEKS TO DO IT, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT ... WELL WORTH IT ... TO BE AN OFFICIAL GRADUATE PRIVATE DETECTIVE!

DIPLOMA, BADGE, HANDCUFFS, FILES, FINGERPRINT OUTFIT... YEP, EVERYTHING'S SET TO START MY NEW LITTLE CAREER IN THE MORNING!



Next morning...

IT GIVES ONE A STRANGE TINGLE OF PRIDE TO BE A REAL PRIVATE DETECTIVE!

BUT I'M STILL SLEEPY... MUSTA STUDIED TOO LATE LAST NIGHT AND GOT UP TOO EARLY THIS MORNING!

MMMM... LITTLE DO PEOPLE KNOW THAT SITTING RIGHT ON THIS PARK BENCH IS A REAL, GEN-U-INE PRIVATE DETECTIVE!



DRAT THESE KID JERKS... JITTERBUG ALL NIGHT... THEN DEAD TO THEIR EARS ALL THE NEXT DAY!

TIME FOR BREAKFAST, JUNIOR!

SAY! WHAT TH ----?? DO YOU REALIZE WHO I AM?

SORRY, BUD, BUT CAN'T GO BEDDY-BYE ON PARK BENCHES!





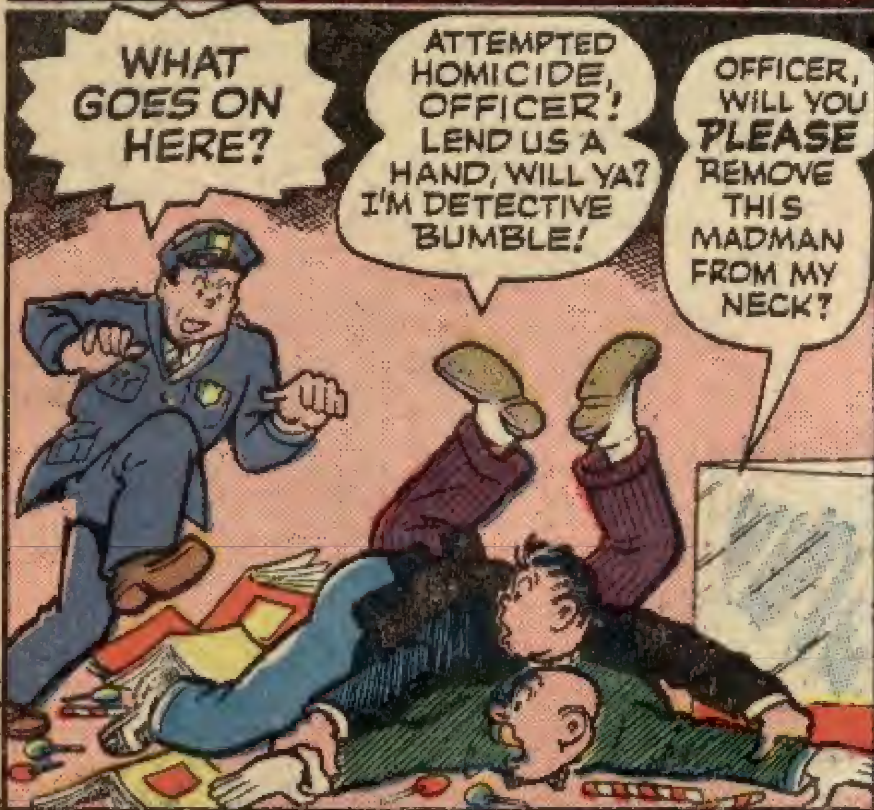


NOT WHILE
I'M HERE,
YOU DON'T!



GRAB HIS BAG -- QUICK --
MADAM! POISON PELLETS --
GUNS -- KNIVES -- IN THERE,
WITHOUT A DOUBT!

?



WHAT
GOES ON
HERE?

ATTEMPTED
HOMICIDE,
OFFICER!
LEND US A
HAND, WILL YA?
I'M DETECTIVE
BUMBLE!

OFFICER,
WILL YOU
PLEASE
REMOVE
THIS
MADMAN
FROM MY
NECK?



I'M WILLIAM
WOWSER,
EDITOR OF
BANGO
PUBLICATIONS
AND THERE
ARE MY
CREDENTIALS!

WHY, THIS
MAN'S ALL
RIGHT ---AND---
WHAT...? IT'S
YOU AGAIN!

YES...
B. BUMBLE,
PRIVATE
DETECTIVE,
AND I OVER-
HEARD THAT
OLD FIEND
THERE SAY...



ALL THE
GENTLEMAN
WANTED WAS
CIGARETTES,
OFFICER!

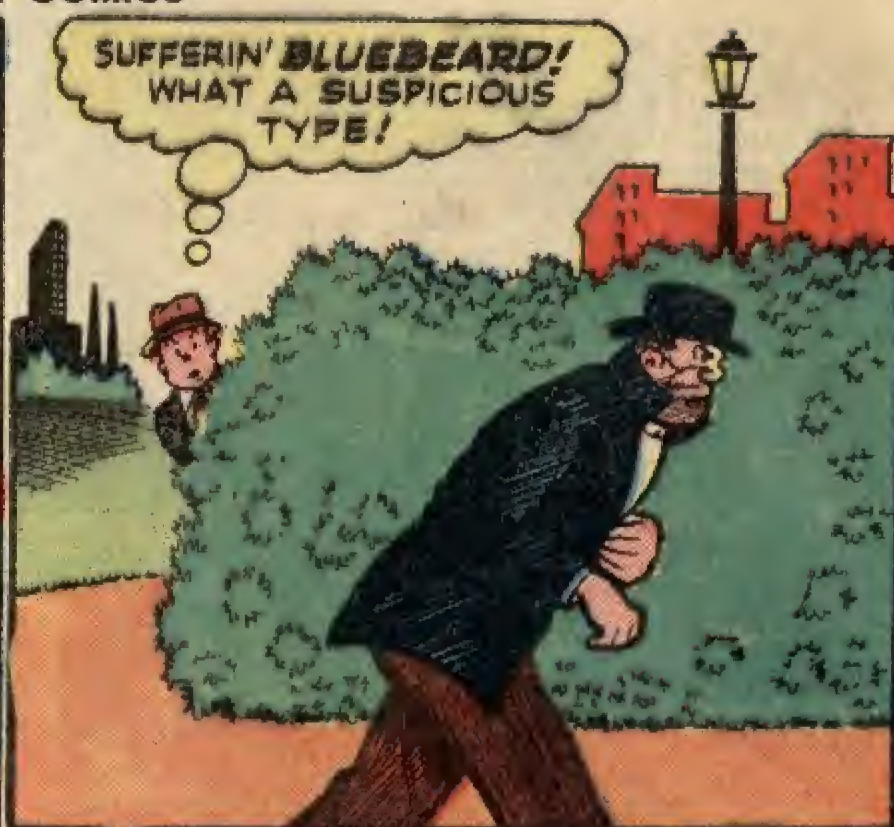
THANK
YOU,
MADAM!

NOW, LOOK, KIDDO...
I'M LETTING YOU OFF
THIS TIME! BUT IF
YOU WANNA PLAY
DETECTIVE, YOU BETTER
DO IT IN YOUR OWN
BACK YARD! YOU'VE
BEEN SEEING TOO
MANY MOVIES!



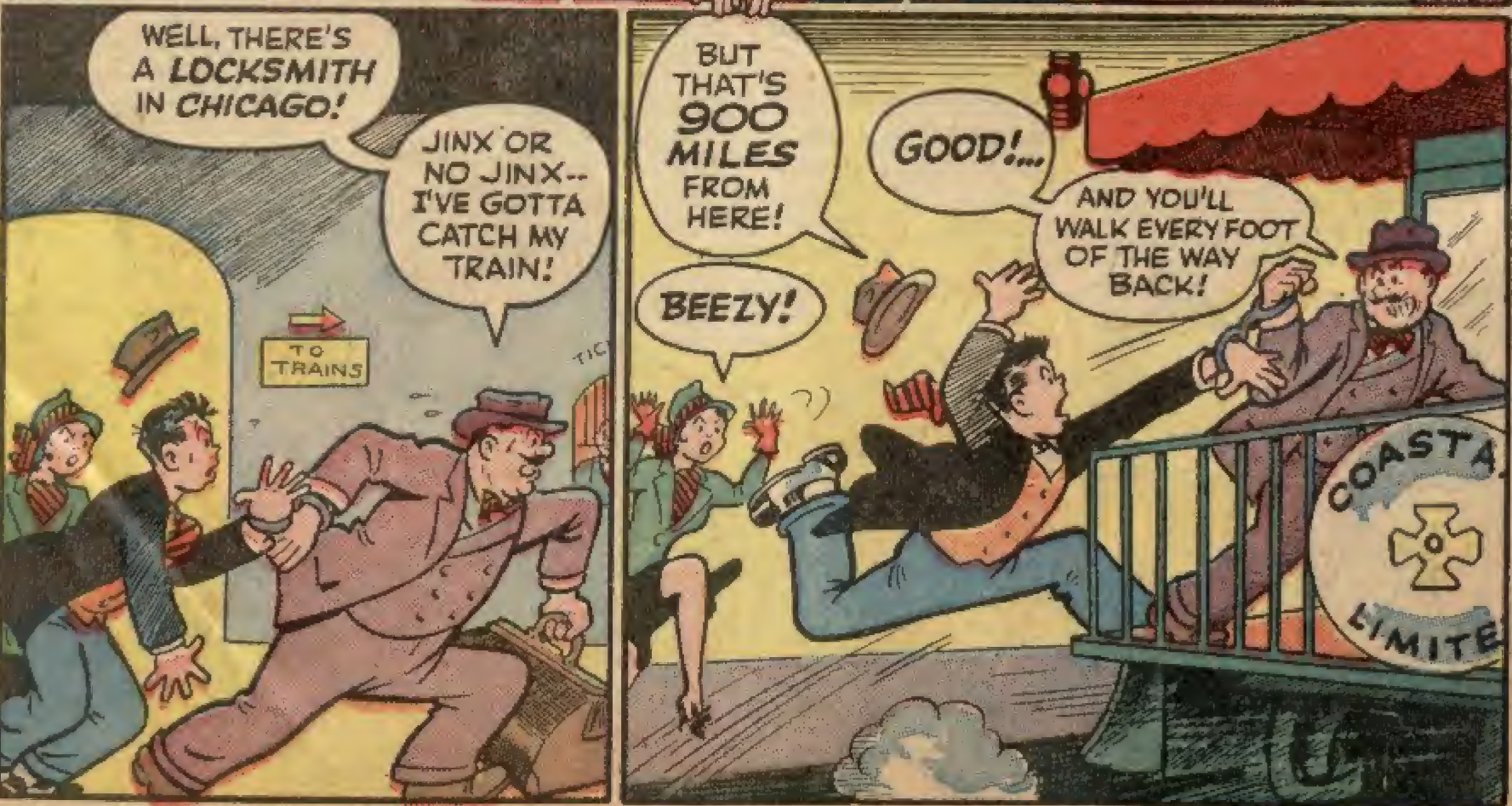
AND THAT'LL
BE \$2.65 FOR
SPILLING ALL
THE CANDY AND
TEARING THE
MAGAZINES!

!

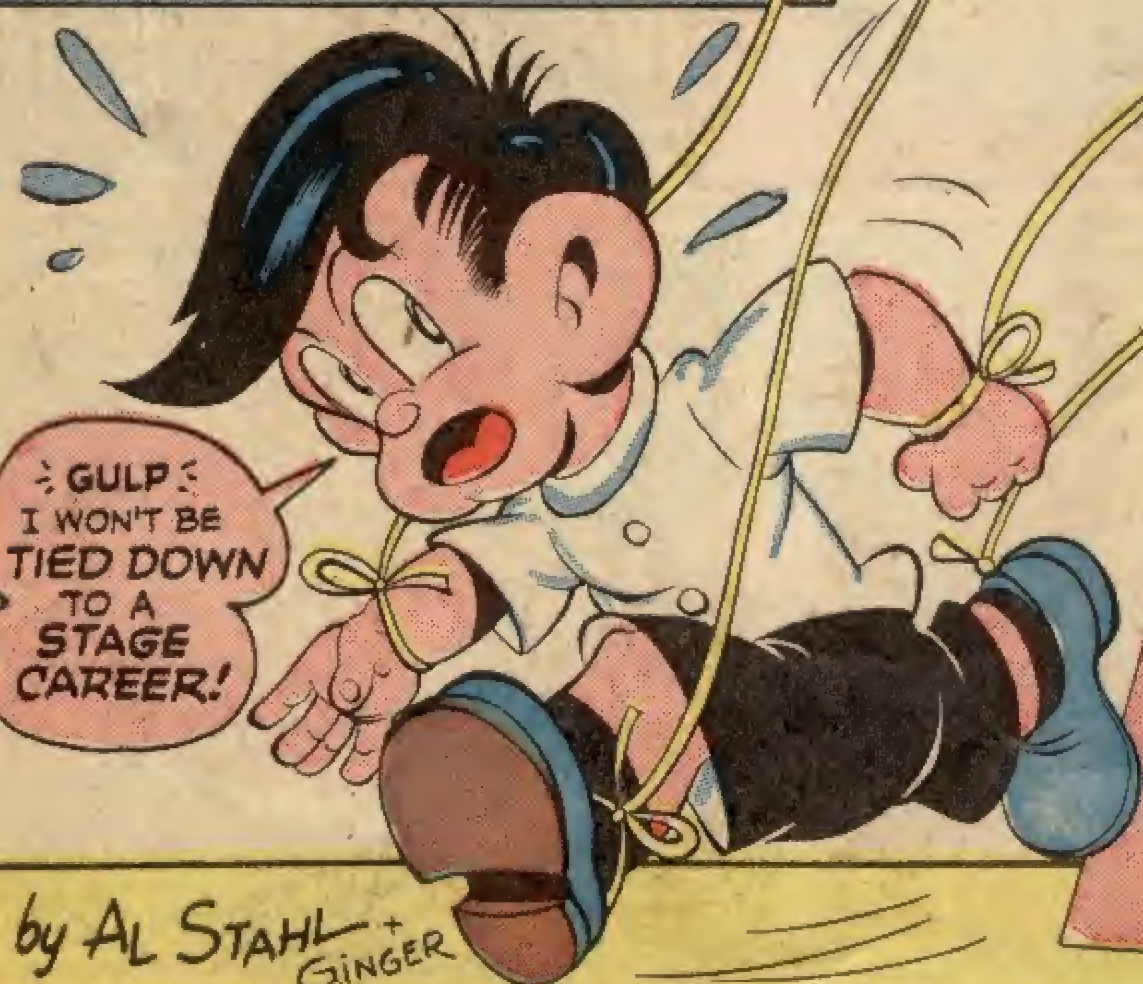
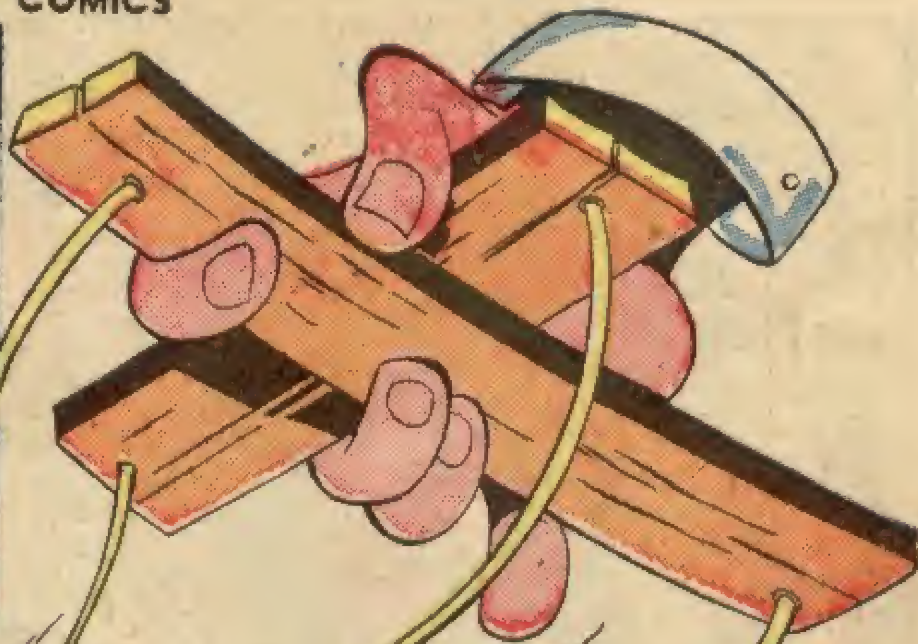




CRACK COMICS



INKIE



„GULP“
I WON'T BE
TIED DOWN
TO A
STAGE
CAREER!

NOW PLAYING
.....
Our little hero,
INKIE,
who is the **SIZE**
of your **PINKY**...
becomes a
**BIG
STAGE
STAR**
--but on a
SMALL scale!

by AL STAHL +
GINGER

OMIGOSH!
THIS IS
AWFUL!

OUR POOR HERO!
„SOB“ „SOB“

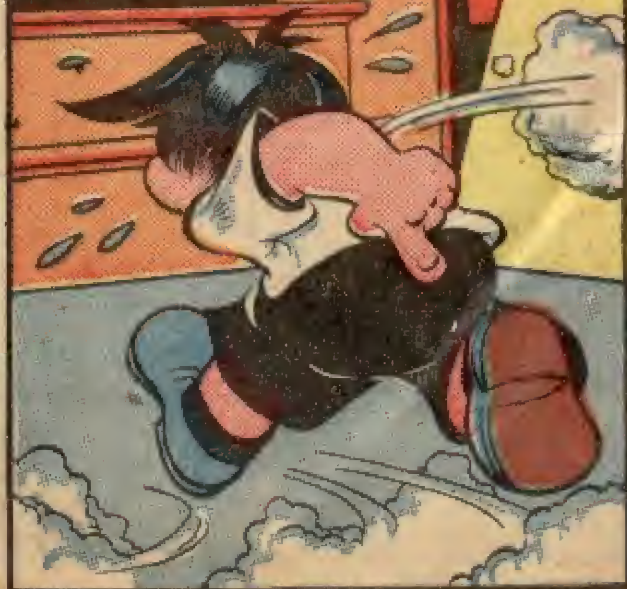
„GULP“

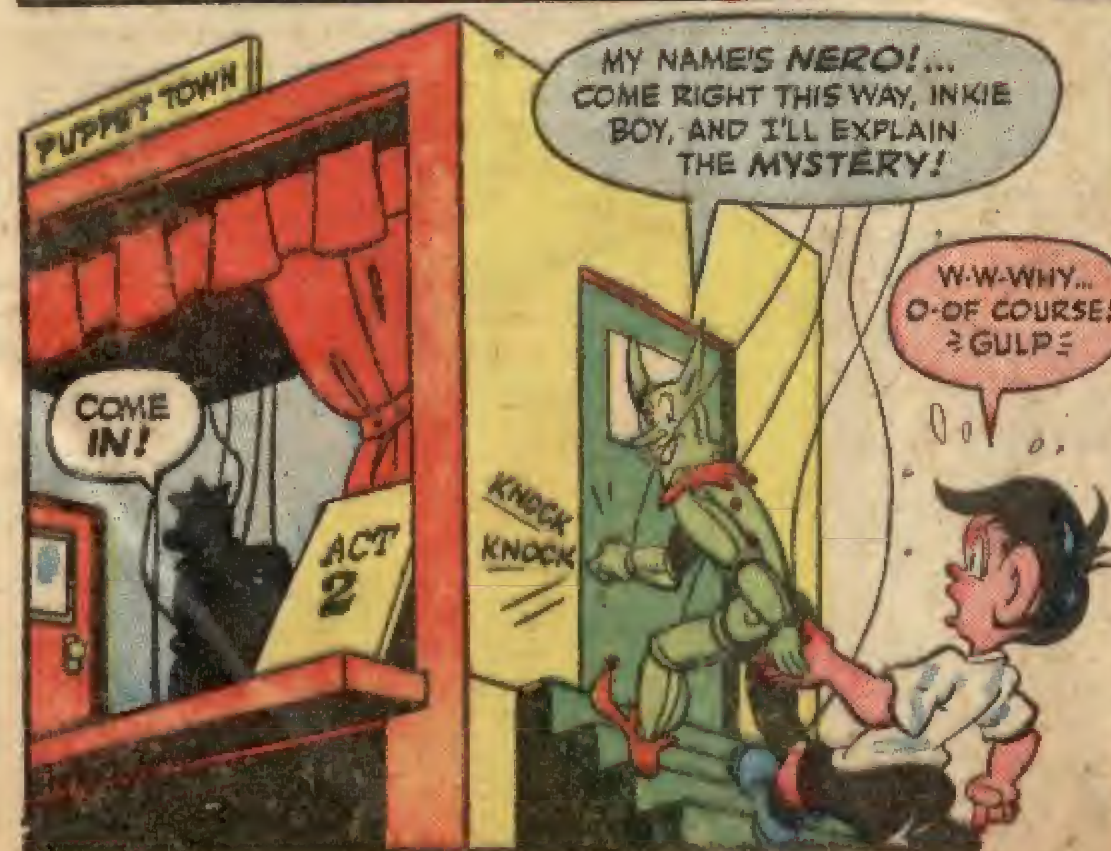
HELP!

Matinee
TODAY
•
THE TINY
TOTS
IN
"Tiny's
Timber
Tale"
ENTRANCE



SOMEBODY M-MUST
HAVE BEEN
M-M-MURDERED!
„GULP“





WELL, WELL, LITTLE MAN ...
SO YOU'VE COME TO PAY YOUR
RESPECTS TO THE GREAT ART
OF SHOW BUSINESS!...
MY HAND, SIR!

ER... I -- WELL... DELIGHTED!
BUT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW
W-WHAT HAPPENED TO
THE POOR HERO!

WOW!

HA! HA! HA! HA! DID YOU REALLY
WANT MY HAND, SON? HA! HA!
...SUCH EXPRESSION! WHAT
AN ACTOR!

I-- D-DIDN'T
THINK IT WAS
SO FUNNY!

DON'T BE
ALARMED,
INKIE! YOU'VE
JUST BEEN
HIRED AS
AN ACTOR!

SURE, THAT WAS
YOUR SCREEN
TEST! ...TO TEST
YOUR REACTION!

OH!

B-BUT, NERO,
WHAT ABOUT
THE HERO?
WAS HE
FIRED?

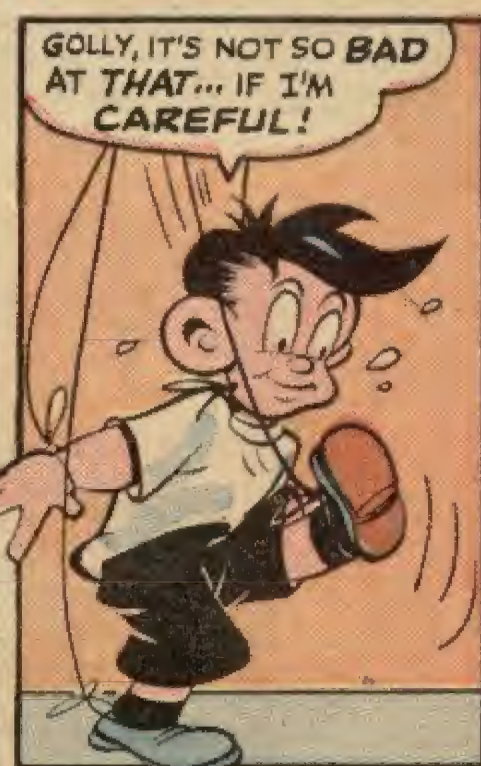
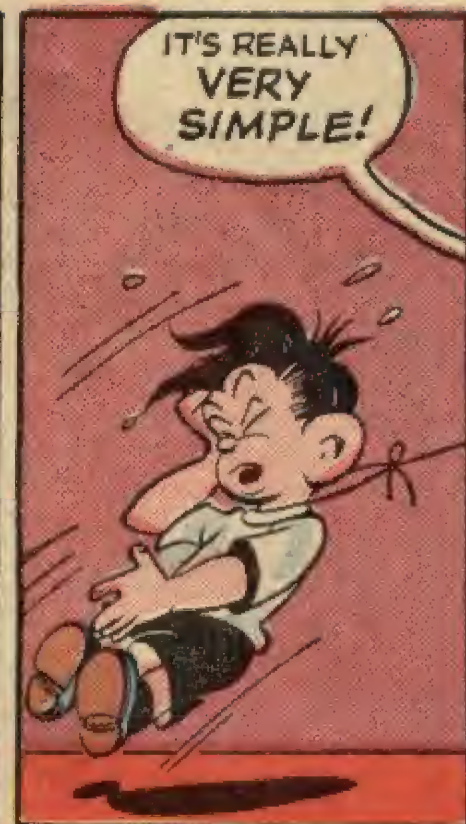
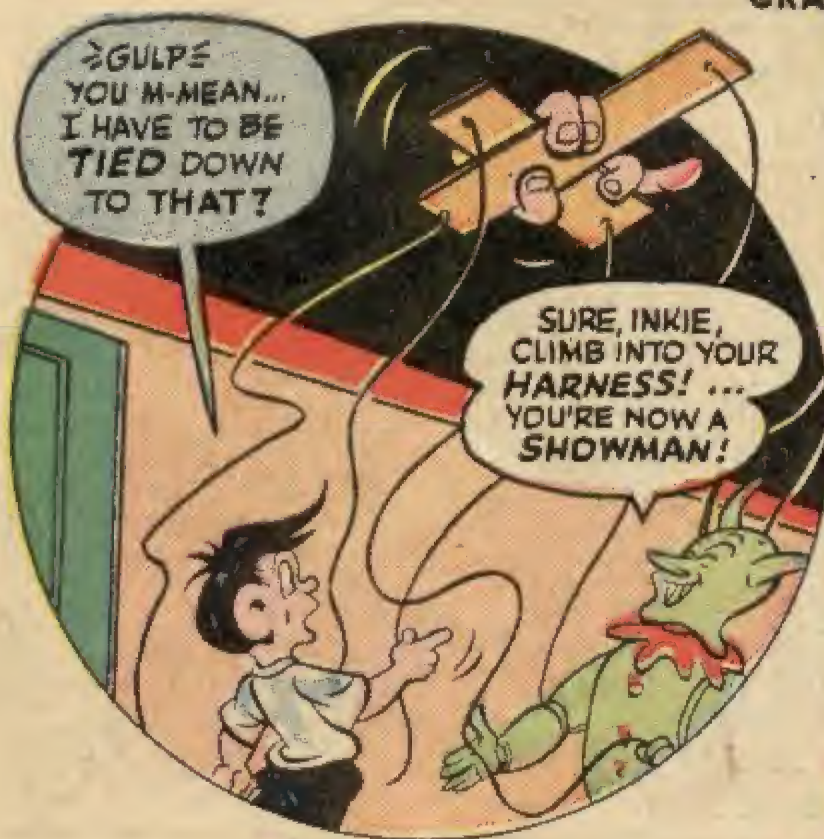
MY BOY, HE DISGRACED
THE ENTIRE MARIONETTE
THEATRE WORLD!... HE
TRIPPED OVER HIS OWN
STRINGS IN THE
FIRST ACT!

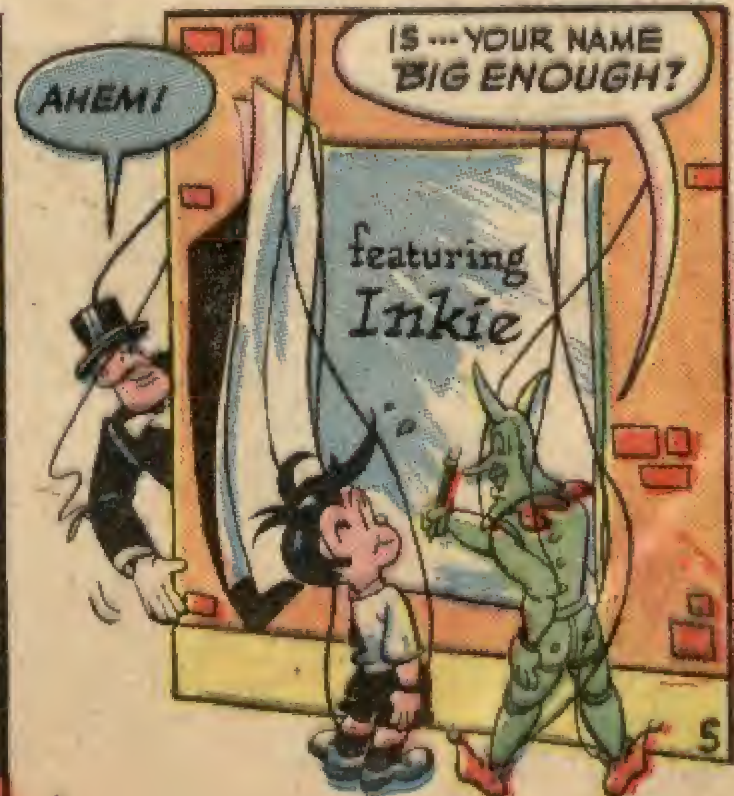
HMM-M! INKIE THE
ACTOR!... MY NAME
IN LIGHTS, PUBLICITY,
AND MAYBE, SOMEDAY,
EVEN HOLLYWOOD!

OKAY...
MR. PUPPETEER,
SEND DOWN A
NEW SET OF
STRINGS!

COMING!

GOSH!





AHEM! I THINK IT WOULD BE FITTING AND PROPER TO TAKE OUR NEW HERO ON A TOUR OF THE STUDIO -- JUST SO HE MAY ACQUAINT HIMSELF WITH OUR BACKSTAGE LIFE!

EXCELLENT SUGGESTION, VANCE! ... BY THE WAY, VANCE IS OUR VILLAIN!



HMM-MM ... NOW IS MY OPPORTUNITY!

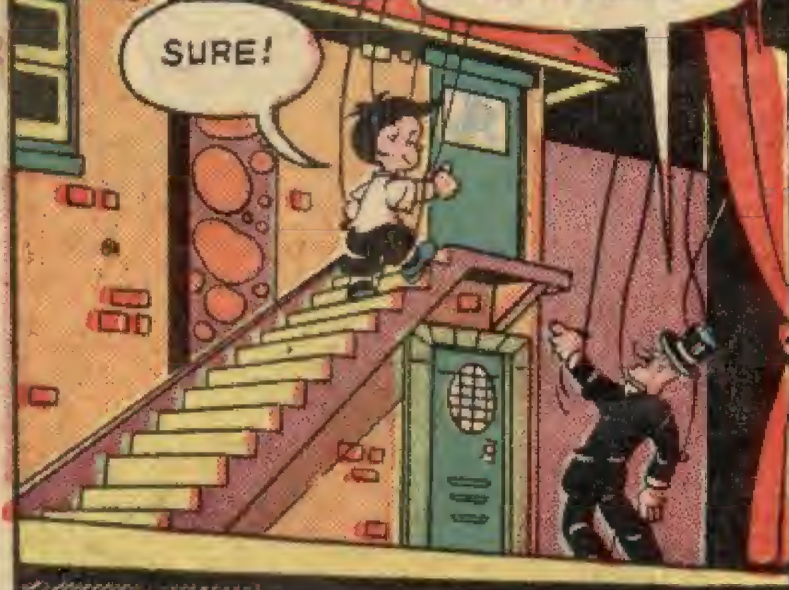
MEANING YOURSELF? HA! HA!

IF YOU WILL PERMIT ME, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU THE VARIOUS UNDERHANDED METHODS WE HAVE OF DEALING WITH UNDESIRABLE CHARACTERS!



BUT FIRST, YOU MAY BE INTERESTED IN THE INGENUOUS DESIGN OF OUR SETS! HAVE A LOOK INSIDE THE DOOR, FELLOW!

SURE!



HA! ... IN A MOMENT, HE'LL DISCOVER THAT THERE IS NO INSIDE!



HEY!

NOW, MY HANGED HUMAN, YOU SHALL DIE A REAL HERO!



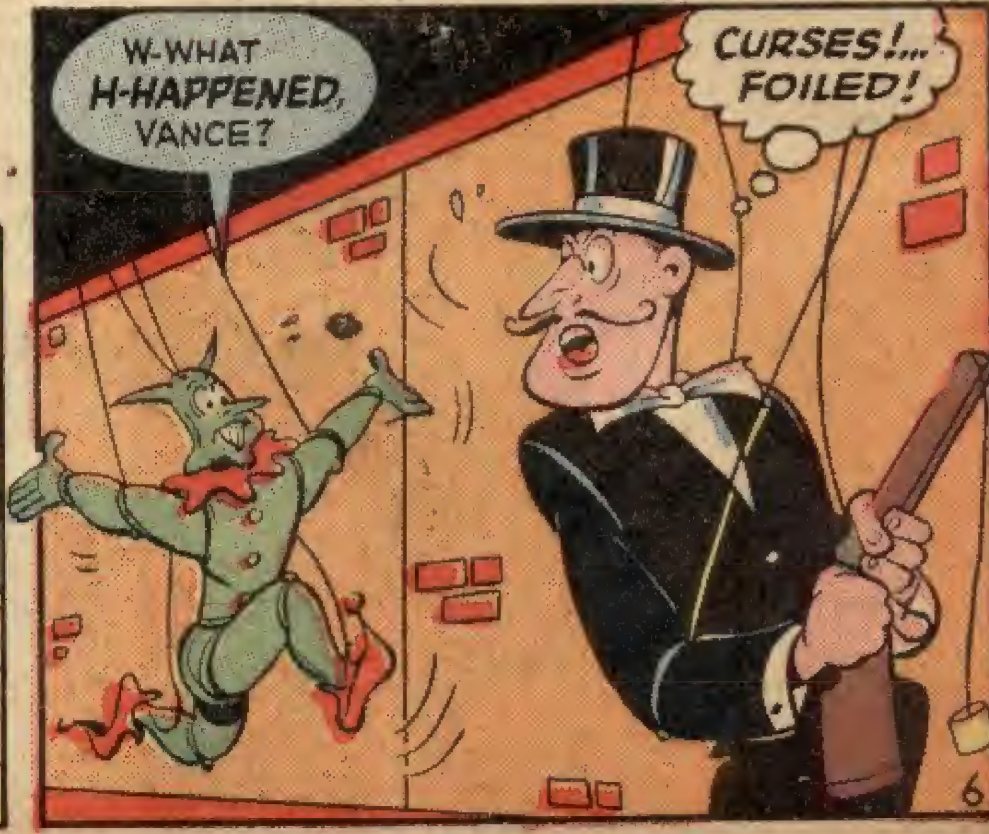
...AND IN TRUE MILITARY FASHION, POP GUN AND ALL!

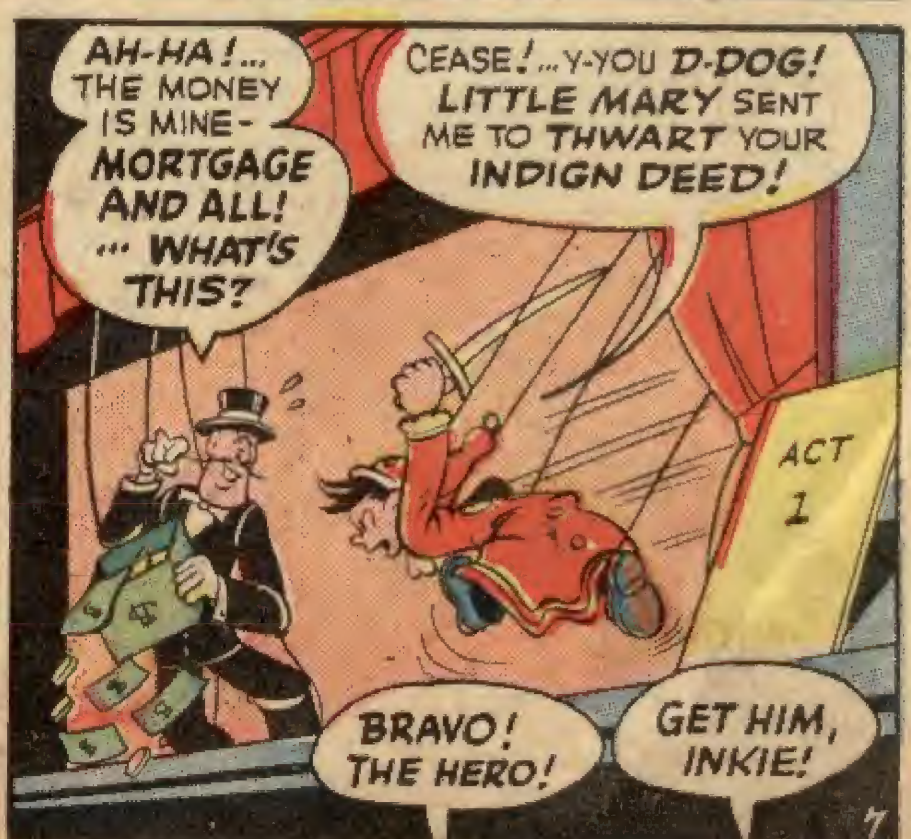
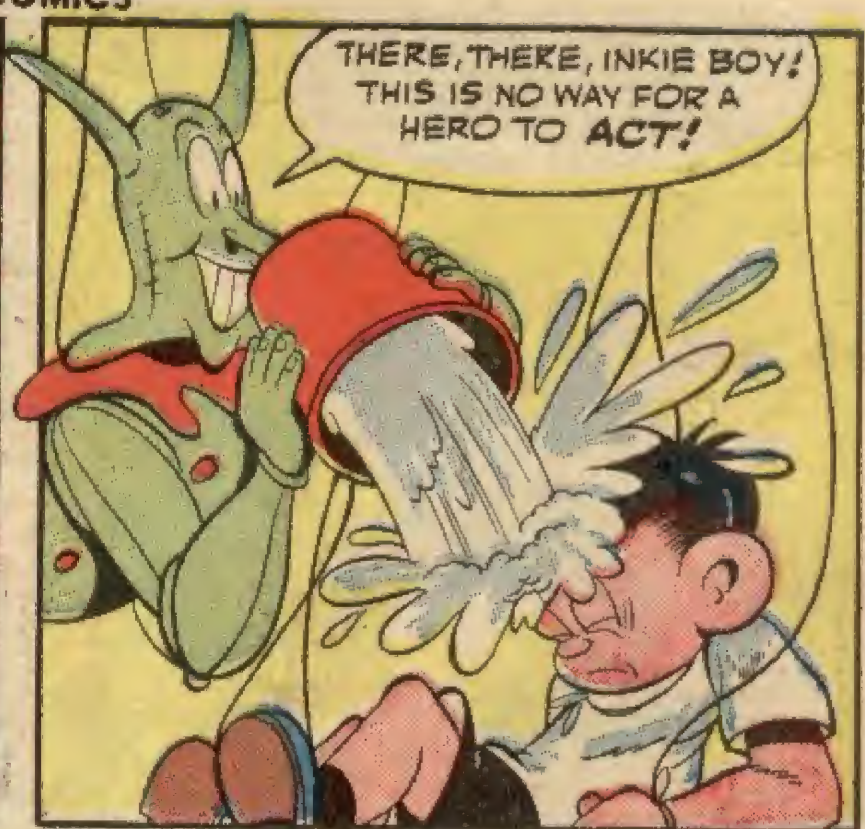
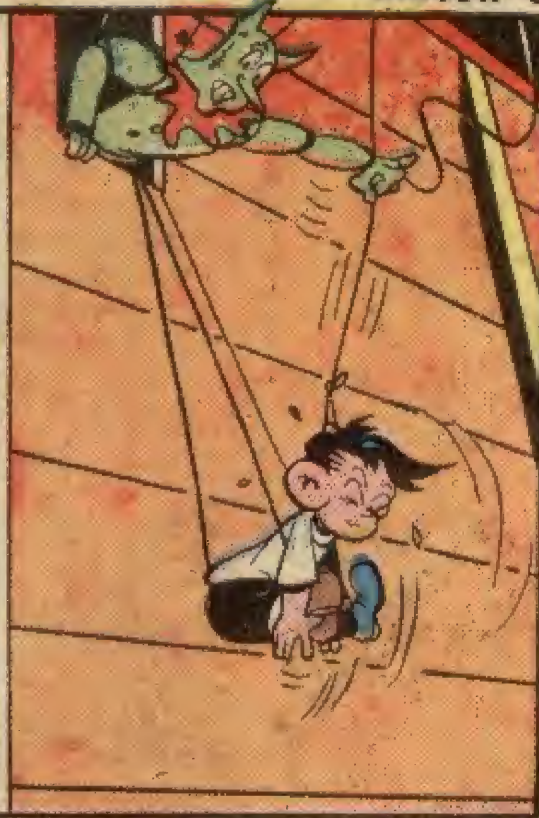
HELP!

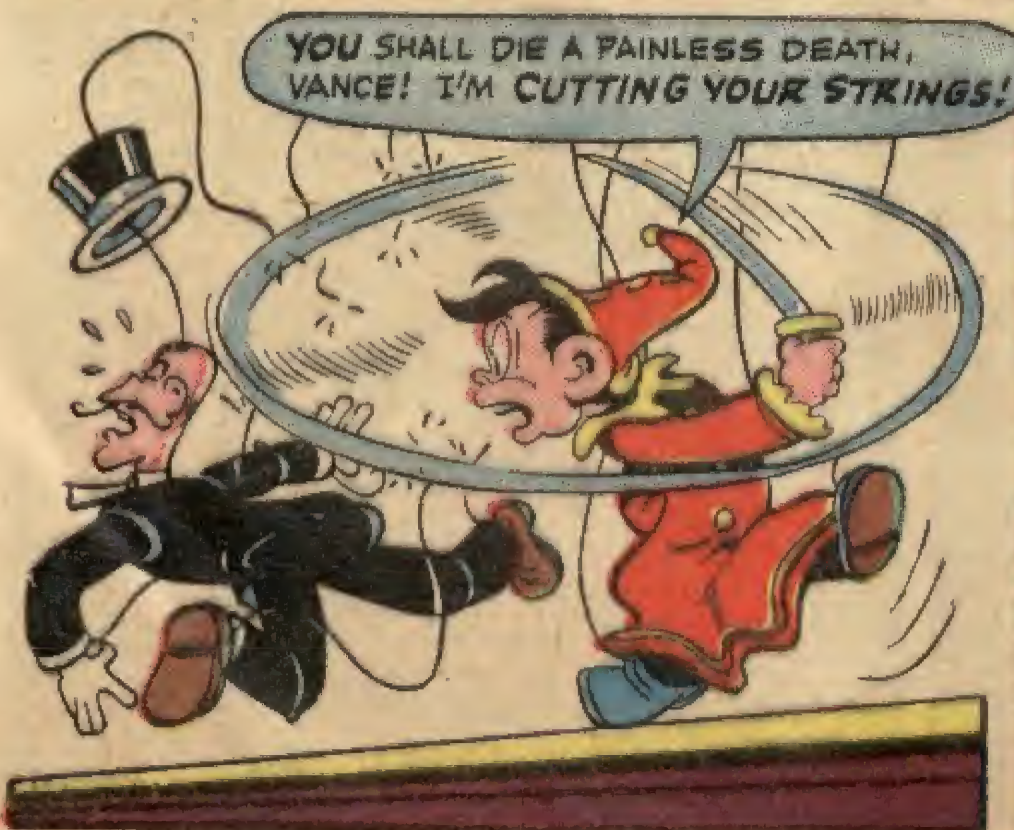
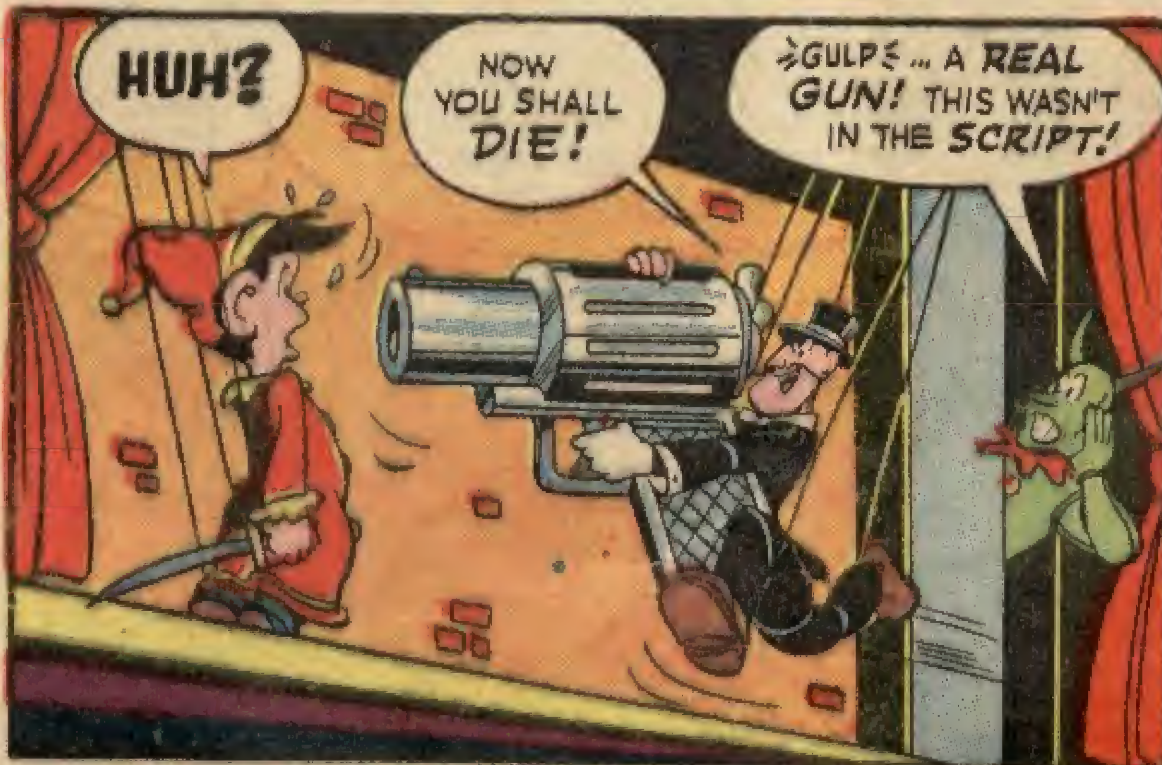
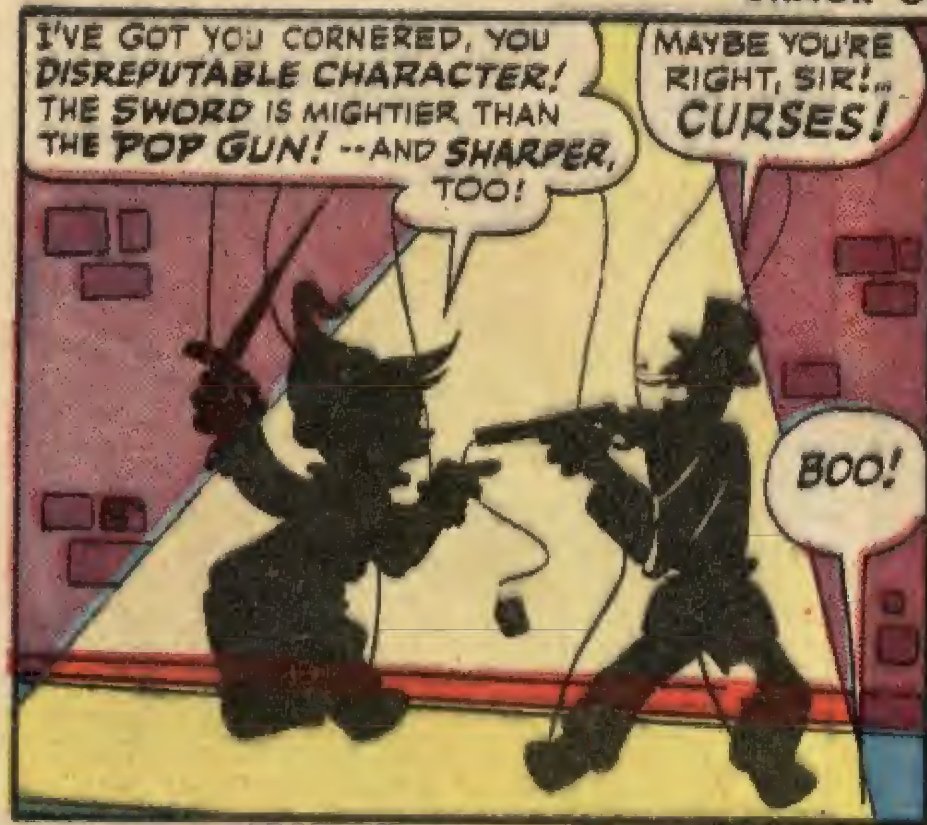


W-WHAT H-HAPPENED, VANCE?

CURSES! ... FOILED!









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